New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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The 'Observer' in Trouble

MANY readers will have been shocked by the bizarre attack on this journal that appeared in last week's *Observer*. We cannot recollect seeing so unwarranted and venomous a criticism in any reputable journal. It suggested that, in our anxiety to further a campaign against Mr Gaitskell, this journal suppressed a letter in his favour signed by some 60 academic persons.

A simple statement of the facts suffices to dispose of the charge. The letter with the list of names had already appeared in the news columns of the *Guardian* on 11 October, when we received it, and it had been reported in other daily papers, including *The Times* on the same day. It came to us in duplicated form, without a covering letter, and reached the editorial desk amongst other circulated material. It was in fact, as *The Times* called it, a 'statement' handed out to the press; the *Observer* itself gave the game away by remarking that it was not published in the *Daily Herald*, a vehemently pro-Gaitskell paper. It was not even remotely considered as a letter for publication in this journal.

We do not insist, as *The Times* does, on every letter we publish bearing the original signatures of the writers and being exclusive to our columns. Occasionally we have agreed to simultaneous publication with the *Guardian* or fellow weeklies. But, in common with most other papers, we do not publish in our correspondence columns letters that have already appeared in the daily press three or four days before our publication. We do not suppose that the *Observer* would publish a duplicated letter that had already been printed in the daily papers.

The charge of suppression is the more absurd because the *Observer* must know that weekly journals of opinion are always glad to publish critical and controversial correspondence. On this occasion, we were so anxious to have stated in our columns the arguments of readers who do not agree with us, that we selected for publication two strongly pro-Gaitskell letters, giving pride of place to a correspondent who charged us with running an 'unworthy' campaign. Perhaps it was because we published these criticisms of ourselves that so few readers of the NEW STATESMAN have apparently been seriously perturbed by the *Observer's* allegation.

This deliberate selection of hostile letters conforms with a rule which we believe we have not often broken. It has always seemed to us a mistake on the part of daily and Sunday papers not to publish more serious criticisms of themselves. The *Guardian* is an outstanding exception to this. Until some recent incidents – one of them referred to in our correspondence columns this week – we assumed it was a rule the *Observer* also followed. Criticism from readers creates that relation of confidence between editor and public which is one of the cherished traditions of weekly journalism. Within the limits of space, libel, reasonable abuse, and fair comment, the more sincerely critical letters we can publish the better pleased we are.

Two explanations of this surprising lapse on the part of the *Observer* occur to us. One is that the supporters of Mr Gaitskell have become so anxious to score against their opponents that they have ceased to worry how far below the belt they hit. It would indeed be a most unhappy charge to have to make against the *Observer*, which has a high reputation and which on many public issues takes broadly the same position as the NEW STATESMAN.

On this occasion, however, we prefer to believe another explanation. Once before, when a libellous paragraph about this paper appeared in the *Observer* – a paragraph for which the *Observer* apologised – we understood subsequently that the attack did not originate in the *Observer* itself, but that it came from a malicious outsider and was printed by an editorial oversight. It may be that something of the same kind occurred last week. In that case one must regard this offensive comment as no more than another editorial lapse. That however does not exonerate the *Observer* from the obligation to apologise.

Comments on the Week's News

Cold War

Shape of Summits to Come

Our Diplomatic Correspondent writes: Mr Macmillan made it plain at Scarborough that he thinks another Summit meeting is essential, but he has not yet taken any positive steps to secure one. Since last May, he has got onto reasonably good terms with Dr Adenauer (thus making a satisfactory compromise with the Six far more likely) and he is determined to handle the old man cautiously this time, and secure his agreement in advance of any public gesture. With a safe majority behind him, he is in no hurry; nor does he believe that friendly gestures would serve his purpose until Mr Krushchev recovers from his present violent mood. His present, rather vague, plans are to see Dr Adenauer (and possibly de Gaulle) sometime before the end of November, and then attend the Nato meeting in December. These talks will take place in the light of the US election results. Macmillan hopes that, if Kennedy wins, there will be a radical change in US policy to China, and his eventual aim is to arrange for a six-power Summit, attended by Nehru and Mao Tse-tung.

All this, of course, is for the distant future. For the moment, Macmillan is thinking mainly about defence. During the meetings of the Cabinet Defence Committee held last week-end, impressive evidence was presented of the US overhaul of the Soviet missile lead (some British defence experts now think the US is ahead). Macmillan believes this is a positive factor: Krushchev is obsessed by missile strength, and if the US can present real evidence of its superiority – particularly under a new and vigorous administration – he is more likely to be in conciliatory mood when serious Summitry starts next March.

Berlin

The West German Boycott

JOHN MANDER *writes from Berlin:* Not a few people in West Germany and West Berlin are having second thoughts about the wisdom of the Bonn government's action is breaking off trade relations with Herr Ulbricht's regime. It was known, before the step was announced, that counsels were divided; Dr Erhard and Herr Berg, the spokesman of German industry, had stated their objections. It is likely, therefore, that the decision was very much Dr Adenauer's own – though he was canny enough to get official SPD backing for the move.

The critics of the government's action argue that the weapon of economic boycott, the one real weapon in the Bonn government's hands, has been recklessly thrown away. No damage will be done to the East German economy that cannot, with a little effort on Herr Ulbricht's part, be repaired. There is already evidence that, no doubt with this eventuality in mind, the East Germans have been busily buying up reserves of steel and tin-plate in Sweden, France and Austria. One reason, certainly, for the hesitations of West German industry, was the fear that their competitors – above all, ourselves – would hasten to fill the gap in the East German economy created by a West German embargo. This was probably why Dr Erhard suggested, in Washington last month, that only a *total* embargo, involving a standstill in economic exchange between the two blocs, could hope to be effective.

Indeed, it is now clear that a trade boycott of East Germany is likely to be as ineffective as the strategic goods embargo imposed by the Truman administration. For one thing, there is nothing to prevent the East Germans from obtaining West German goods from neutral or friendly countries which are willing to re-export them. The chief obstacle in the past has been the acute lack of hard western currency; but it is probable that here, in case of need, the Soviet Union would be willing to hand over to their protegés some of their accumulated gold reserves. Again, long-term economic policy in East Germany is aiming at economic independence of the West by about 1965. The agreement signed in November 1959 between the Soviet Union and East Germany provides for Soviet delivery to East Germany of some 32 million tons of coal, 12 million tons of iron ore, 15 million tons of iron and steel products. There is little doubt that the Soviet Union – not to mention the satellites – could now raise these quotas without undue difficulty. The critics of the Bonn government's action who speak of 'too much too soon' would have preferred a selective boycott.

As it is, it seems likely that Herr Ulbricht will benefit politically from the West German action. The West German cancellation of the inter-zonal trade agreement, due to take effect next January, will have at least one unfortunate consequence: Herr Ulbricht will insist that the old agreement 'between the zones of the DM East and DM West' should now read 'between the German Democratic Republic and the German Federal Republic'. This is, in the present complex legal situation, more than a form of words. It would enable Herr Ulbricht to exclude West Berlin from 'the zone of the DM West'.

Two further serious consequences are foreseeable. West Berlin's position is at least as precarious economically as it is politically. West Berlin's dependence on soft coal deliveries from the eastern zone is considerable; if these should cease, the gap would have to be filled by imports of West German hard coal. But this can be done only if Herr Ulbricht should agree to an increase in the volume of goods transport from West Germany. Similarly, West Berlin industrial products require special transit permits from East German authorities. Should Herr Ulbricht choose to interfere with this trade – and he has only to refuse to issue any more permits – West German export industries stand to lose some five million DM a year. If the critics of the West German government's move are right, it may be a long time before all the consequences of Bonn's bold gesture – aimed perhaps as much at her allies as at Herr Ulbricht – come home to roost.

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New York

Barking at the Moon

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* The world should be breathing easier now that Nikita Krushchev and David Susskind have given each other categorical assurances that their respective governments will not start a war. For the benefit of British readers who have not seen the BBC replay of the historic summit meeting on *Open End*, David Susskind is a producer of television shows and a fledgling amateur statesman. For Mr Susskind's benefit, Nikita Krushchev is Premier of the Soviet Union and a skilled amateur actor. As an encounter this was perhaps unparalleled since an earlier David's triumph with a slingshot, but there the comparison ends. This time Goliath spanked David and, while doing so, got off a considerable volume of Philistine propaganda.

As part of the diplomatic freeze it had planned for the occasion of the Russian's visit, the State Department cautioned the networks against giving him more attention than was absolutely necessary. This attempted encroachment on the freedom of the press was rebuffed, but unfortunately the press was not nearly so alert to encroachment on its domain by show business. After the lengthy exchange between the principals on *Open End*, a panel of newspapermen and experts on Russia took over, but by then the damage had been done. Comparatively few viewers who have seen Satan perform for two solid hours are going to stay up another two just to hear the theologians discuss him.

Had Susskind allowed his well-informed panel to question the Soviet leader, it is at least possible that the evening would have produced some interesting reactions. Some of the correspondents would have thrown sharp questions about the growing differences between Moscow and Peking, about details on the Congo, and other specific matters. Instead, the audience – sizeable, though even at its peak hardly more than a fifth of that commanded by Jackie Gleason – got only clouds of vapour, broken occasionally for condescending lectures in Russian history by Krushchev, sermons by Susskind in the form of ten-minute questions, and bits of rudeness by both parties.

Were Krushchev's outbursts at the UN the mark of his 'true personality', Susskind inquired, or merely an elaborate act? – as if he half expected the Premier to jog him roguishly with his elbow and give a private wink to seven million people. At another

point in the dialogue the showman advised the successor to the Czars that he was 'baying at the moon', a phrase that fell no softer on Krushchev's ear for being translated as 'barking at the moon'. And in the intermissions, which Susskind announced were for the purpose of station identification, commercials for Radio Free Europe were shown.

One result of this ill-conceived affair was a flood of telephone calls, some protesting at the appearance of Krushchev in the first place and others decrying the bad taste of insulting him, to his face and behind his back, supposedly in order to minimise the protest. In Moscow the show was evidently considered enough of a propaganda victory to warrant a radio rebroadcast of the interview, after which a Soviet commentator said: 'Comrade radio listeners, now you have heard what a struggle Comrade Krushchev has had to wage during the past three weeks in the fight for world peace.'

Putting first things first, Mr Susskind sees the results differently. In *Variety*, the organ of the theatrical world, he is quoted thus: 'It was a tremendous personal experience. I may be bruised but am unbent.' Then, making a quick switch from showman to reporter, he adds: 'I just saw the transcript and you'd be surprised at the amount of information we elicited.' There may be a hint of explanation here of his flat assurance to his visitor that this country will send no more spy planes over Russia. Has Susskind replaced the U-2?

Japan

The Cult of Violence

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes:* Is last week's assassination of the Japanese Socialist leader Asanuma a sign of the revival of the terrorist societies which were the outstanding characteristic of Japanese politics in the Thirties? Of the 16 Japanese Prime Ministers between the two wars, five of them were assassinated, mostly by members of a terrorist society. The Great Japan Patriotic Society, of which last week's 17-year-old assassin is a member, has similar aims to those of the most notorious of the earlier terrorist societies: maintaining 'the dignity of the Imperial family'; defending the Japanese traditional way of life; protecting the independence and security of the Japanese race. Only a few months ago, the Public Safety Investigation Agency publicly stated that there were 23 such groups in Japan today, with a total active membership of 30,000, almost all of them in Tokyo. When Asanuma was stabbed, the leader of the Great Japan Patriotic Society commented: 'Heaven has delivered righteous judgment on one who led so many violent street fights'.

Meanwhile, the left-wing trade union movement – SOHYO – in which there are certainly a great many Communists, is seeking to canalise into strikes and anti-government demonstrations the agitation sparked off by the militant Zengkuren student movement. Zengkuren was originally sponsored by the Japanese Communist Party to win over the students, but in the past two years, Communist influence has waned, and in the eyes of the Communist the Zengkuren are now Trotskyites. The Communists have found the trade unions a more rewarding field of political pressure. During last weekend, it is estimated that four million trade union members took part in demonstrations, and Japan now looks like being swept by strikes.

This third attempt at assassination in the past few months shows how little below the surface of Japanese life the cult of violence remains. This time, it is not likely to be exploited by the army and navy in an expansionist programme, but by the trade unions and by the Chinese, who are at present concentrating much attention on Japanese organisations. The enemy common to both groups is America.

Leopoldville

The Congo Madhouse

A Special Correspondent writes: Lumumba is besieged, Mobutu and the UN face each other with loaded rifles, the ultimatums sound menacing – but outside the Memling Palace Hotel in the centre of what is still thought of as the European part of the city, an African boy of 17 or 18 sits a large part of the day playing a version of the three-card trick. There are always ten or 12 people around him, plus a few European spectators, newspapermen and UN officials from the hotel. The siege of Mr Lumumba's house goes on with its concentric cordons of dug-in Ghanaians, Mobutu troops and Ghanaian patrols keeping the spectators clear. I talked to a Ghana picket who was succinct: 'This be humbug-country'. His further remarks in a limited West Coast basic English were in line with what might have been expected from an Afrika Corps Prussian talking of a Sicilian.

The Congo is now essentially anarchic in its internal situation, which is modified into shorter and shorter spasms of seemliness by the embarrassment of facing the UN spectators. As the embarrassment wears off, and as the unscrupulous find out that the risks in the face of UN's inactivity are really not great, an increasing individual and commercial irresponsibility can be seen. As there are no magistrates all arrests (and there are many) are followed by release 24 hours later. It could just as well be the other way round.

Kafka and Jarry together might have made the first draft specification for today's Congo, where Lumumbas appear on balconies to shout '*Voilà, je suis le maître*' two minutes after Mobutus have sealed their cordons as a preparation to coming in and getting him; where these same Mobutu troops, when asked by Mobutu to help look for the body of the accidentally drowned West German Ambassador, go on a tour of the city's bars with Lumumba himself, 'due to a confusion in the interpretation of orders' according to M. Albert Bolela, the acting *Haut Commissaire Général pour l'Information;* where Ministers call press conferences and simply fail to turn up again and again. One often feels that the whole thing is a damnable illusion and that it is only there because one looks at it.

The UN military atmosphere is very British, with Pakistanis, Indians, Ghanaians and Sudanese all sharing the same staff methods and saluting each other very nicely. In fact there is room for a study here because it seems that it is really the Indians who taught the British all their military manners – maybe they will also teach us a way out of this mess. It is clear the Russians will not – they were quite fed up with the whole business and delighted to be chucked out by Mobutu. They knew perfectly well that they could have ignored the whole thing and stayed on but they were not such fools. They were undoubtedly quite sick of Lumumba's personal unreliability, and confused as individuals by the sheer dottiness of the political situation. It is very nice for them not to be there to be blamed.

There are quite a few Belgians still around and more are returning. The Africans largely do not mind, and to those who do we are all *sales flamands* anyway. The French over the river are not very kind about the Belgians and are inclined to comment on the alleged fact that no Belgian man got killed or even hurt while all those wives were being raped. However the problems of the Congo will not be greatly influenced in the future by Belgian technical assistance. There is only one thing that everyone – except the Congolese politicians – realises, and that is that the present madhouse simply cannot go on.

NEXT WEEK

Mid-Autumn Books

including ALEXANDER WERTH *on recent Russian literature and* V. S. PRITCHETT *on Boswell*

Scarborough

The Mantle of Harold

A Special Correspondent writes: I travelled up to Scarborough for the fag-end of the Tory conference and was annoyed to find, at King's Cross, that Mr Macmillan – floating northwards for his scheduled apotheosis the next day – had hogged most of the first class compartments. He appeared, benign and smiling, attended by an unusual number of hulking detectives, and stepped straight into bathos. As the cameras clicked, an unmistakable Empire Loyalist peered over his shoulder and intoned: 'Onwards to Fortress Scarborough, and may Empire Loyalism prevail!' If Mr Macmillan had been the late Lord Curzon he could not have looked more annoyed; consternation, too, among the detectives, who were shooting off rockets to each other like Polaris missiles as we pulled out of the platform. Worse was to come, for it was discovered that four Empire Loyalists had secured reserved seats in the compartment next to the premier's. The detectives plainly considered that the Loyalists had conceived a deep-laid plot of extraordinary cunning, and delivered awful warnings. I am happy to inform them that the Loyalists, far from bribing British Railways to secure them sinister access to the premier, were not even aware that he was due to travel on this train. They spent the journey happily solving *The Times* crossword.

The Loyalists, indeed, provided the only excitement at this torpid gathering. The terror they now inspire in the breasts of Tory flunkeys is impressive. After the experience at Blackpool in 1958, which I witnessed, the platform was anxious at all costs to avoid carnage, and Mr Henry Brooke, before introducing Mr Macmillan, pleaded with the delegates not to bash anyone's head in should the premier be interrupted. The security precautions were elaborate but by no means perfect: last Saturday I successfully passed through the screen by flashing a card issued by the Parks Department of the LCC. True, when the premier spoke no Loyalist raised his head; but I suspect this compliance was secured more by threats of prosecution for forged signatures than anything else. Mr Macmillan was thus able to perform his annual levitation to paradise in an atmosphere of cosy unanimity.

The Tory party is slipping inexorably into the hands of Mr Butler and Mr Macleod and

this has produced a kind of apathetic determinism on the part of delegates. Independent-minded country gentlemen, it seems to me, no longer attend; the flavour is increasingly lower middle-class – shopkeepers, local builders, dentists and the like – whose serious interest in politics is largely confined to the abolition of Schedule 'A'. They are content to follow wherever they are led. Central Africa? 'Mr Macleod is a very brilliant and wise man, you know'. Flogging? 'Mr Butler knows what he's doing – he's *experienced*'. Summitry, Europe, defence? 'The whole world admits that Mr Macmillan is the best international statesman'. The right is weak, and growing weaker; there seems to be no groundswell of anger in the constituencies. Mr Butler makes little attempt to conceal his view that the party having (as he believes) caught the national mood, can only retain it by a deliberate progress towards liberal policies. 'Duty', 'responsibility' – these are the watch-words which he and his sharper underlings are now using.

Meanwhile, there remains the struggle for personal power. Mr Macmillan has fashioned a glittering inheritance for his successor and there are now four or five men who can stake a claim to it. Last Saturday, the cabinet was lined up on Macmillan's right, squeezed together like a row of anxious schoolboys on speech day. They waited, in evident trepidation, while Mr Macmillan, enjoying his power hugely, bestowed on each his calculated mead of praise (Mr Thorneycroft, elbowed out at the side, got only a sneering insult). Significantly, Mr Butler was not in the row: he sat on the premier's left, in the official seat of the Party Chairman – a reminder that the man who controls the machine cannot be classed as a mere cabinet minister.

Football

Fixing and Bending

A Special Correspondent writes: Dark hints of bribery and corruption against professional football clubs are nothing new. Spectators have often thought that teams have been enticed to throw matches – especially those crucial matches towards the end of a season when a single result can decide whether a team gains promotion to a higher league or, even more commonly, suffers relegation to a lower. But the current wave of allegations against players that they have accepted large sums of money to fix matches on behalf of gamblers is a much more serious matter. In referring their evidence to the Director of Public Prosecutions, the football authorities have shown themselves to be sensible. If the allegations are not investigated and the culprits – if any – uncovered, football will suffer a severe blow. Hundreds of thousands of people offer their loyalties to particular teams: they will not go on doing so if they suspect that the games they pay to see are not decided honestly. It took American baseball many years to recover the public confidence lost when the 1920 World Series was discovered to have been fixed.

Whether, in fact, corruption is as widespread as the allegations imply is more dubious. Players are sharply divided in their views, one group asserting that it is always possible for them to tell whether a member of the team is trying to 'bend' a match rather than being genuinely off-form. But most concede that a goalkeeper or a back who had been bribed could easily succeed in giving away a goal or a penalty kick: if a back and goalkeeper had both been bribed they could certainly affect the result with no-one being the wiser.

What makes these disreputable tactics easier, of course, is the nature of the gambling on matches. Usually gamblers simply want the match to go according to form: bribery is an insurance against the unexpected result. The growth of fixed-odds betting, in which money may be laid on a result of a single match, lies at the heart of the players' temptation. Although odds may be small on a home side winning, if the gambler can be sure it is going to win he can invest his money with the certainty of 100 per cent capital gain in 90 minutes.

The enormous majority of footballers would never dream of accepting bribes: it is sometimes forgotten how great an affection they have for their game. But there are some, especially among that section who spend their abundant spare time among the snooker-hall fraternities, who might be tempted by an offer which would double their annual income and all for the sake of one undetected mis-kick at the right moment. Abolishing fixed-odds betting on single matches would at once remove the principal source of temptation. But even were this done, and even if there are to be prosecutions of individual players, the football world will still not be healthy so long as players' conditions remain in their present inadequate state. Contracts which place them in a club's power, while offering no security, and a wage-scale which makes no concession either to their standing as mass-entertainers or to the brevity of their careers, all these make them easy targets for bribery when so much gambled money is at stake. The remarkable thing is that there should be so little corruption rather than any at all – which does not make the present crop of allegations any the less serious.

The Murder of the News Chronicle

A Failure of Management

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Many papers have died over the years in Fleet Street. None has ever been buried so cynically as the *News Chronicle* and *Star*. When the first rumours began to circulate that they were to be sold to the Rothermere group, most of us refused at first to believe it. Many fates have been forecast for the *News Chronicle* during recent years. But in their most gloomy prognostications few can have imagined that the Cadbury interests, which have been associated with the paper for more than 60 years, would decide that a fitting fate for their paper, which had been identified with the Liberal cause from its very first issue 114 years ago, would be to be taken over by the *Daily Mail*.

Moreover this has been done not only without any prior warning to staff or readers, but without any attempt at consultation whatever with the Liberal Party. Indeed when leaders of the Liberal Party, perturbed by the rumours about the paper's future, approached Mr Laurence Cadbury and offered to try to form a syndicate to buy the two papers for approximately the same figure as that now given by Associated Newspapers, they were given the polite brush-off. By this time, indeed, the deal with Rothermere had already been done. Mr Laurence Cadbury had decided that neither morals nor politics came into it. The soul of these two great newspapers was not his concern. He despatched their bodies to the mortuary – after extracting from their pockets for the Daily News Ltd the profitable share in the commercial TV contract for Tyne-Tees, which it secured as a publisher of newspapers and now apparently intends to keep, although the newspapers no longer exist – a position which ITA might well have a look at. But leaving aside this last-minute attempt to save the paper, it seems incredible that no earlier attempt should have been made to explore the possibility of direct Liberal support, and that apparently no mention of the fate he had in store for it was made by Mr Cadbury to Mr Grimond or any other Liberal leader – though I understand that he saw Grimond only a day or two before the final announcement. But no doubt Mr Cadbury had other things on his mind – like the £1,000,000 he is proposing to invest in a chocolate factory in Germany.

Although there have been many mergers in Fleet Street – and the *News Chronicle* itself has been in the middle of several of them – this is, so far as I am aware, the first time in the history of the British press that a national daily paper, which has throughout the whole of a long career been completely identified with one political party and which has never throughout its existence been run for purely commercial considerations, has been sold overnight to a paper of diametrically opposed interests.

This being said, it is, of course, necessary in fairness to add that the *News Chronicle* and *Star* have both been losing money – and circulation – over a period of years and that the Cadbury's have for long kept them alive when others might not have been prepared to do so. But although this may be pleaded in extenuation, it really provides no adequate explanation of why, when an end had finally to be made, this particular one was chosen. This is not to criticise Associated Newspapers. Lord Rothermere and his colleagues, indeed, seem to have acted with the utmost propriety and goodwill.

It should also be said that, although the *Mail* remains, as it has always been, a Conservative paper, it is in many ways a much more liberal one under its present editor, William Hardcastle, than it has been in the past—at least in some respects. With the acquisition of the *News Chronicle*, the liberal forces in the *Mail* will be strengthened. A paper with the *Mail's* circulation of around 2,100,000 is itself vulnerable in present conditions when the future of newspapers tends to be decided by gentlemen with slide rules in the back offices of advertising agencies.

The first print of the combined paper on Monday night was over 3,200,000, and, although it cannot be hoped that it will be possible to maintain this (I myself should judge that the most the *Mail* can hope for when things settle down is to keep about 30 per cent of the *News Chronicle's* 1,160,000 paying readers) the *Mail* will obviously do all it can from now on to present an attractive face to the liberal-minded. But, as *The Times* remarked on Tuesday, 'No-one will expect the *Daily Mail* to be changed appreciably by today's incorporation', and any idea that it will suddenly become the true repository of the Liberal soul can be dismissed.

Apart from the manner of its going, need the *News Chronicle* have died at all? If the *News Chronicle* management had been ready earlier on to explore the offer of the Liberal syndicate, it is just possible that something might have been done. But on the harsh economics of current newspaper production costs it is difficult to see how the paper could long have been kept going in view of the pass it had been allowed to reach. I think there is no doubt that, if it had been in any way a viable proposition, Mr Roy Thomson, whose desire to own a national daily is well-known, would have been prepared to make an offer. He was not. But the real trouble goes much further back. It is for its failure to take action earlier, when there was still a chance, that the management must be strongly criticised. For example it has obviously been economic lunacy for the *News Chronicle*, with the sort of circulation it had, to keep up the expense of printing in Manchester as well as London. If it had concentrated its resources and gone out much more vigorously for a quality circulation, with the kind of advertising rate that a quality appeal can command, then it might have had a chance. But all this would have had to be begun years ago.

Failing this, then, as was urged in this column and elsewhere, a merger with the *Herald* to form an independent radical paper of the left would have been the most intelligent course, and the one most in keeping with the paper's traditions. That might have been possible three or even two years ago. But the opportunity was lost. Things were allowed to drift until, for the *News Chronicle* itself, the only course open to the management was to seek some means to get what they could before it became too late to meet pension and other commitments to their staff. Even in this regard it must be said that the terms that are being offered to 'redundant' staff have shocked not only newspaper staffs but other managements.

Taking into account previous mistakes in management it must be accepted that it would at this stage have been very difficult to keep the *News Chronicle* going. But this is by no means the case with the *Star*, which makes the package deal with Associated Newspapers all the more incomprehensible. Mr Roy Thomson for example had previously intimated his interest in that paper; and I have no doubt whatever that, if he had been given the opportunity, he would have been prepared to make a definite offer, which would not only have kept it alive but given it a chance of real success.

This has been a tragic week for Fleet Street and from the wider view a tragic week for British public life. For what we are seeing now is a greater and greater polarization of the press both in the daily and Sunday fields, with at one end a few excellent quality papers of restricted, although fortunately increasing, circulations and at the other a greater and greater concentration of a few popular papers of immense circulation.

The immediate outlook is dark.

The Night the Blow Fell

MARGARET STEWART

Everyone, or nearly everyone, got drunk on Black Monday. The 'locals' did the sort of trade they do on a Christmas Eve. Only it wasn't Christmas Eve. It was 17 October, and we had just learned that the paper had folded and that 3,500 people were out of a job, in the biggest mass close-down in journalistic history.

Old hands assured me there hadn't been a night like this in the *News Chronicle* since the general election of 1935, when the late Aylmer Vallance, so well known to older readers of the NEW STATESMAN and then editor of the *News Chronicle*, told the management what he really thought about the Liberal Party. (He did not last as editor.)

Threading their way through the milling crowd, smartly-dressed young TV men thrust their microphones at various reporters, sub-editors and photographers asking: 'How do you feel about it?'

How did we feel? That Monday night, anger rather than self-pity was the dominant reaction. Anger that the *News Chronicle* should be sold like a cake of soap to Carmelite House; anger that the two papers, with their valuable sites, combined circulations, printing plant, wharf, and other interests should have fetched so little as £1¼ million; anger above all at the meanness of the compensation – the Cocoa handshake, as it was

called. The proposed one week's pay for every year of service was described by Jim Bradley, the National Union of Journalists' General Secretary, as one of the worst offers ever made when a paper closed down.

We were angry, too, at the method, as well as the deed. Not only was no warning given, but there was misleading information from the top, culminating in the vapid statement from our own managing director in that very morning's issue. There was also, it must be admitted, some relief at the end of the gruelling period of uncertainty, following the weeks of rumours and counter-rumours.

The blow actually fell about 5.20 p.m. All work on the next day's paper, a bumper 16-pager, stopped. A half-finished story about tally clerks stayed in my typewriter, a message to ring the Ministry of Labour went unanswered.

At seven o'clock we journalists trooped to a NUJ meeting. The boardroom, in which it was to have been held, was not big enough, so we met in the subs' section of the news room, surrounded by spikes, baskets piled high with agency copy and notices about edition times.

This was the sort of story on which a news editor would normally bark out the orders, 'Get Grimond – get Gaitskell – get TUC reactions – get the FBI – get the Bank of England'. It was the one story the *News Chronicle* would never carry.

The meeting heard brisk and businesslike statements from Tom Baistow, Father of the Chapel, and the NUJ's Jim Bradley. There was a fighting speech from a young Manchester delegate, and calls of 'scandalous' when the compensation terms were announced. But for the most part we were too dazed to speak.

Redundancy has always been an ugly word. It is particularly ugly when applied to oneself, and particularly ironic for an industrial correspondent. Week in, week out, I have written stories about redundancies in coal, cotton, and motoring, and always the *News Chronicle* has said that the good employer gives his men as much notice as possible. 'Tell your workers, take them into your confidence', has been the Liberal line.

One can appreciate the motives which prompted the secrecy over the present deal, but never in all my experience of industrial reporting has it led to such ham-handed and inhumane labour relations as in the *News Chronicle-Star* debacle. At least this business has shown that any journalist who thinks he or she, being in a profession, is above the battle, and has no need for a trade union, had better think again.

During the day a colleague from a rival paper rang: 'Maggie, I'm preparing the *Chronicle's* obit. What are the highlights?'

Off the cuff I replied: 'The *Daily News* anti-sweating campaign in 1905 and, within my own memory, the *News Chronicle's* support for the Spanish Republican government, and its eventual opposition to the Suez adventure.' I recalled some of the great figures during my time on the paper – Robert Lynd, Robin Cruikshank, Ian Mackay, Vicky, A. J. Cummings and James Cameron.

It is useless and unprofitable to attempt any inquest into why the paper failed. The *Guardian* hit the nail on the head on Tuesday with its comment 'A failure of management – a combination of fussiness and uncertainty'.

Within the last few years, life on the *Chronicle* had become increasingly frustrating and demoralising, with the absence of any clear lead on any issue or any idea what the paper was trying to do. Yet, one always hoped it might recover its true traditions and be a radical voice at a time when the cause of liberalism (with a little 'l') urgently needed championing.

A merger with the *Guardian* or the *Herald* would have been bearable. A take-over by the true-blue Tory *Daily Mail*, the paper that at one time supported Mosley and Mussolini (though it is trying to forget it) hardly represents a marriage of true minds. Shades of A. G. Gardiner!

Enfants de la Patrie

DANIEL ELWYN JONES

This summer the *Service Civile Internationale* organised two work camps in Morocco to help orphaned children among the Algerian refugees. One camp was held outside the shanty town of Yacoub Ben Mansour in Rabat, the other in the foothills of the Atlas. There were 40 of us, students, workers, teachers, shopkeepers, volunteers from France, Britain, Eire, Germany, Iraq, India, Morocco and Algeria; we worked together with Algerian refugees. Some of us could stay only for a few days. Others, like myself, worked up to two months, laying concrete floors, building walls, constructing lavatories, building roofs, putting in drains, etc., for the orphanages housing another sixty children.

Against the enormity of the Algerian refugee problem, this seems a small contribution, but it is something, and the refugees are glad of it. Among the 280,000 refugees, there are thousands of destitute orphans, some mere babies, found wandering alone near the frontier. Many of these children have witnessed the shooting of their parents, brothers and sisters.

In the mounting casualties of the Algerian War it is easy to forget that each unit is a human personality, with his individual tale of suffering. H—, who worked with us at Khemisset, is one of the 120,000 Algerian refugees in Morocco. His wife, and the four-year-old daughter he has never seen, are interned in one of the French *regroupement* camps, along with two million other Algerian prisoners. K—, the Negro plumber's apprentice, was forced to watch French paratroopers torturing his eight-year-old sister, before he himself was subjected to electric shock burning, the scars of which he still bears all over his body. A—, a young bricklayer, has had no news of any of his six brothers for three years. Either they are still fighting in the Djebel or they are dead. So far 20,000 Frenchmen and 500,000 Algerians (according to French statistics) have been killed in the 'pacification' of Algeria.

The Algerians have experienced brutality before from the French; for example, in the Kabylie-Constantine reprisals of 1945, 40,000 Algerians (including women and children) were killed within 48 hours. But this war, which has already gone on for six years and is costing the French £2m a day, is on a totally different scale. A quarter of the Algerian Muslim population is either interned in *regroupement* camps, has fled the country, or has been killed.

A border zone, 15 miles wide, and large areas in the mountains have been declared *zones interdites* in an attempt to check FLN activity. The bulk of the Algerian refugees have escaped from these areas, rather than face *regroupement* camps. From their black goat-skin tents, reed huts, or caves in the rocks, some of these refugees can see their own deserted homes across the border.

A few hundred doctors, lawyers and technicians have managed to get jobs, but there is 25 per cent unemployment in Morocco and such general poverty that any help given to the refugees often raises their standard of living above that of the poorest Moroccans. National and international organisations contribute to the £5 annual allocation that is keeping each refugee alive. Supplies come in from both sides of the Iron Curtain, trades unions, religious bodies and governmental organisations.

While this aid provides a minimum diet, shelter, medical attention and clothes are still urgently needed, and many children are now dying for lack of care. In the coming winter still more will die if help is not forthcoming. Staying alive is the immediate problem of the Algerian refugees in Morocco. But an equally important problem is how they are ever going to be integrated into a future independent Algeria. For up to five years they have been existing outside their own country, without work. In some cases their poverty is not much worse than what they had known in Algeria. But there is no work to be got and few escape the disintegrating effect of idleness. The habit of living off charity, the dulling of the senses produced by prolonged suffering, inadequate diet, and the endless waiting are slowly turning unemployed into unemployable, creating a dead weight for the independent Algeria of the future to carry.

The Algerian authorities, who anticipate at least another three years of war, are much concerned about this problem and are making every effort to find work to help their people to help themselves. If they can raise enough money more schemes like the self-supporting training farm at Moulaya, which is run by 100 refugees, will be started. They are also doing everything possible to give the children an education. But up to now only about 3,000 of the 50,000 children are being educated.

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London Diary

CRITIC

Independence of Establishments and outspoken individualism are among the rare, and thus valuable, qualities in a public figure. But Sidney Silverman is really incorrigible. It is typical of him that, having written a letter to Mr Gaitskell expressing his personal view of the consequences to the Labour Party of Gaitskell's continued intransigence on defence, he should rush off and issue it to the press. In this case, I understand, he was speaking only for himself and not, as often, for the 'Victory for Socialism' group of which he is the chairman. I can think of few actions more calculated to bring both comfort and votes to Mr Gaitskell. Silverman has succeeded in portraying, with total injustice, the unilateralist guardians of the conference ark as the splitters; at the same time, he has raised general alarm in the Labour movement about the 'irresponsibility' of the Left at a moment when the greatest judgment and finesse is needed if the party is not to break in half. Roguishness is all very well, but when it is elephantine it can be a menace.

* * *

Tony Greenwood's conduct, by contrast, has deserved and won general respect. One of the most convinced and persuasive of the unilateralists, he has sometimes in the past been accused of counting rather too carefully the personal cost of decisive action. This time he has seized an opportunity with real courage, at a moment when Gaitskell's refusal to accept the conference decision had to be challenged and nobody else of substance seemed ready to stand up and declare himself. He has also shown political wisdom in offering to stand down if Harold Wilson – a more formidable challenger, just because he is not a unilateralist – should decide to run for the leadership. This, I understand, is now likely: unless Gaitskell drastically changes his present attitude and shows a real willingness to seek a *modus vivendi* with the conference, the pressure to 'draft Wilson' from the centre as well as the left is likely to be decisive. That the issue is fundamentally leadership rather than unilateralism is indicated by the pro-Gaitskell manifesto published last Tuesday by 26 'prominent rank-and-filers'. Quaintly they seek to create the impression that they are men of the moderate centre; but I notice that they not only support Gaitskell in flatly defying the conference on defence, they also seem to be reopening – in defiance of both the conference and a majority of the Executive – Gaitskell's earlier move to repudiate Clause Four of the constitution. Men of the centre, I should say, are those like Crossman, Ness Edwards, Eirene White, Fred Lee and others, who are seeking to bring the Executive and the parliamentary party together. Gaitskell's self-proclaimed moderates expose themselves as splitters on the extreme right.

* * *

I learn that a letter has been sent to the Press Council complaining of the behaviour of journalists towards Michael Cousins and his wife. The fact that Michael Cousins was employed on secret work in Windscale was, very naturally, a press tit-bit in the week when Mr Frank Cousins was moving his unilateralist resolution at Scarborough. But the complaint of the methods used by two *Daily Express* reporters certainly merits the careful attention of the Press Council. According to Michael Cousins these reporters tried to speak to him while he was working at Windscale. He refused to see them and warned his wife by phone to say nothing to them if they found her. They in fact discovered where he lived and are said to have presented themselves as friends of his to the daughter of his landlady. From her they wormed out information about his wife's name and found out where she worked. They are also accused of inventing statements by him about his work which he is forbidden by the Official Secrets Act to talk about. He feels that the publicity may have damaged his career with the Atomic Energy Authority.

* * *

The unilateralists' victory at Scarborough has given a new directly political turn to the CND. Crowds of young people hitherto content to demonstrate must now realise that they have a political instrument through which to work. This gives a far greater significance to the meeting at Central Hall on 31 October. Anthony Greenwood, who is one of the speakers, has come out with refreshing courage in the political battle. We shall presumably hear from him, and from Michael Foot, Lena Jeger and Frank Beswick, what positive foreign policy they think is implied in the Scarborough victory.

* * *

Unless we are to have mechanical law-enforcement, with parking computers that shoot out an arm and stick a label on the windscreen, I suppose we shall go on suspecting the traffic wardens of favouritism. It seems to me of little use pretending that the law allows to a warden at a parking place any less discretion than it does to a policeman. The Road Traffic and Roads Improvement Act, 1960, empowers them both (it doesn't *require* them) to decide whether they have 'reason to believe' that a motorist has left or parked his car, or is loading or unloading it; and all these are words that could be argued about. The RAC seems to have obtained a Scotland Yard assurance that the police in a parking area can 'give dispensation' from the restrictions, as though the traffic warden can't; but one first has to find the policeman. One man who managed to do this (he wanted change for a two-shilling piece, so that he could put some money in the meter) is now appealing to the High Court against the Bow Street Magistrate's decision that he had parked without paying, although he claims to have been only two minutes finding the policeman and the change. As it happened, he had already had one ticket for 'excess parking' in another street fifteen minutes earlier. This kind of case is being officially classified under 'teething troubles', but I think that sounds a little too complacent. What the wardens are doing at the moment is to attract the curses that would otherwise fall on the police.

* * *

This week the NS publishes another selection from its *This England* column. It covers the years 1957-60. It is deliciously illustrated by Vicky. Its red, white and blue cover shows a bowler-hatted Englishman boldly assaulting a twentieth century dragon with his umbrella. *This England* is more than a 'funny' column. No one has yet written an adequate study of its sociological implications. Essentially it is intended to illustrate contemporary Anglo-

CHRISTMAS IN OCTOBER

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Saxon attitudes as they appeal to our readers' sense of humour. One could sort them out perhaps under such headings of snobbery, sentimentality, prudery (closely associated with pruriency), and often our characteristic sheer eccentricity. An interesting comparison could be made between pre-war collections and the *This England* of 1960, which is vitally affected by the affluent society and TV. In the present collection, Audrey Hilton, the editor, has grouped together some fine examples of eccentricity under the heading of 'Funny Peculiar'. How else could one describe a tattooist who has 'dedicated his finest efforts' to covering his wife with 'lovely pictures' for the enjoyment of his children? Among the examples of the new snobbery, what answer can be given to an enquiry about whether it is correct 'to watch the telly both before and after dinner' when a couple are coming to dine 'who are very well connected'? Royalty, as ever, provides some superb extracts. The *Daily Mail* tells us, for instance, that 'the Queen keeps as close a housewifely eye on her 600 rooms as the average woman does on her five or six'. Animal lovers continue to love to excess. One of them expects to meet 'my dog in the next world, but not the thousands who have been in the Battersea Dogs' Home of which I am not presently conscious'. Under the caption Heads in the Sand, I like particularly a *Daily Express* remark that 'it will probably be four or five years before either the Russians or the Americans have accumulated a sufficient stock of missiles with a range of 5,000 miles. *To 'start a war with anything less than this would be folly'.* (My italics.) A first prize, I feel, should be awarded to the young lady who wrote to ask what her boy friend could mean by saying that she was 'a case of arrested development', when 'her measurements are 36, 22 and 36'. The NS itself does not escape scotfree. We were scarcely at our best in saying, before the results of the last election were published, that 'whatever the outcome of the poll, the 1959 election campaign has been a signal and significant success for Labour'!

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

In your picture of Anthony Greenwood and his wife (October 14) taken at their home, I see one of those fake oil lamps done up for electricity. I bet there is nothing pseudo at Hugh Gaitskell's home. – Letter in *Evening Standard*.

A coroner yesterday criticised a dead woman—a woman who gassed her pet dog as well as herself. He said: 'The one thing I deplore is that she made the dog suffer with her.' – *Daily Mirror*. (Reg Winter.)

If Mrs Gorrod will observe the features of great men of the past she will find that they frequently have a downward sloping eyelid. Mr Macmillan has TWO, and I suggest he is a great man, if not an outstanding genius. – Letter in *Daily Mail*. (L. M. Rich).

I can confirm that cows do cry. In 1954 I sold a cow who cried for three days until I bought her back again – *Evening Standard*.

There seemed a gloomy atmosphere all round the site when the fair packed up. Even the St John's Ambulance men reported a slump.

'There have only been 233 accidents this time,' stated two – and they didn't appear too happy about it – 'and we usually have about 400.' – *Nottingham Evening Post*. (Allan Mabon.)

Cuban Prospects

E. J. HOBSBAWM

Unless the Americans intervene with arms Cuba will fairly soon be the first Socialist country in the western hemisphere. Already about 70 per cent of its small industry, nearly all the sugar-mills, and 60 per cent of Cuban agriculture (including sugar) are controlled by government or co-operatives, not to mention foreign trade. Already there are upwards of 2,000 people's shops (*tiendas del pueblo*), almost all in the countryside, selling the peasantry consumer goods at little more than cost. Recently the speed of the transformation has increased, most notably with the expropriation of the American oil-companies and banks, the nationalisation of the tobacco industry and the seizure of sugar mills, big stores and textile factories.

Two things are remarkable about this process. The first is the overwhelming popular support which the government has maintained – and among the workers even increased – throughout it. A non-official public opinion poll in June showed the astonishing figure of 88 per cent who gave the government totally or virtually unqualified support: 94 per cent in the countryside, 91 per cent in the 20 to 30 age-group, 92 per cent in the working class. On the other hand the province of Havana gave 'only' 72 per cent of totally uncritical support, the white collar and office workers 73 per cent (a sharp fall since 1959), and the small class of owners, executives and the professions, 61 per cent.

Asked what they thought the best achievements of the government, 49 per cent listed the agrarian reform, 42 per cent the provision of more schools and teachers, 37 per cent the building of new houses, roads, etc., 30 per cent the lowering of the urban cost of living (by means of the 50 per cent rent cut, electricity cuts, etc.), and 57 per cent an indefinable combination of things best called 'liberation', 'benefiting and helping the poor', 'paying attention to the peasants', 'democracy and liberty', 'peace, security and happiness for all', 'looking after the people', 'governing well', 'making a real revolution, breaking with the past', 'revolutionary justice' and so on.

Asked what they thought the worst thing the government had done, the only grievances expressed by more than one per cent of the answers concerned arbitrariness and incapacity in the agrarian reform (2.5 per cent) and the government's alleged pro-Communism (1.5 per cent). Asked what the government had so far omitted to do, the citizens made a number of suggestions, but by far the largest single bloc – 34 per cent – answered simply 'everything is perfectly all right'. For those who have not been to Cuba, these figures may seem well-nigh incredible. For those who have visited that remarkably endearing and encouraging revolution they merely confirm everyday impressions.

The second fact is that Socialism was clearly not the conscious aim of the 26 July movement. Like most Latin-American intellectuals, the original Fidelistas were Marx-tinged, but the 'economic thesis' of the movement (1957) was in no sense a Socialist document. Nor does the actual propaganda of the revolution stress Socialism. It could be summed up by the sentence: 'A free and prosperous Cuba must be free of imperialism, poverty and ignorance.' The keynote slogans – all revolutions produce public aphorisms in incredible profusion – are either simply patriotic like 'Fatherland or Death', 'We shall win through', or 'Cuba si, Yanqui no'; vaguely pro-poor like 'Who betrays the Poor betrays Christ', or anti-imperialist. No doubt the Socialists in the Fidelist movement, and the influential Communist Party had a Socialist objective in mind. But what actually imposed it was the force of practical need.

All the government's plans for improvement required planned action: revolutions cannot wait. In effect, a large section of the officer corps of the Rebel Army immediately turned itself into INRA (the National Institute of Agrarian Reform), organising co-operative and state farms, building houses and schools, running factories, planning industrialisation and opening shops. Once Castro had made the crucial discovery that the landless labourers did not actually want small peasant holdings, but could be formed immediately into larger units, the overwhelming technical advantages of planned agricultural improvement simply cried out to be utilised. Not doctrine, but empiricism is turning Cuba Socialist.

The speed and smoothness of the transformation so far is due to a combination of Cuba's historical luck and the classically pure nature of its revolution. Cuba is lucky in possessing a fabulously fertile, underpopulated and poorly cultivated soil which makes large immediate increases in production possible; in its abundance of communications (notably TV) which can produce something close to direct democracy. Its Catholicism is more than usually nominal: only ten per cent even of women attend mass. Its Spanishness enables it to draw on experts from other Latin countries with ease: most of its top economic men seem to be Chileans. Above all, a century of plantation monoculture has saved Cuba from the most intractable peasant problems. In brief, the peculiarities of economic slavery have turned into their revolutionary opposites.

At the same time the Cuban Revolution was not only a laboratory specimen of its type (a nucleus of intellectuals, a mass movement of peasants), but one unclouded by preconceived notions. While most Socialists accepted the impossibility of moving straight from latifundium to cooperative, Castro saw the Cuban facts. While 30 years of international complexity had blurred the problem of state and revolution, the men from the hills spontaneously rediscovered the classical solution. The very waiters will explain to you that Fidel saw how the old army must be totally destroyed, the people armed, if the paralysis of Betancourt in Venezuela, or the defeat of Arbenz in Guatemala were to be avoided. And the old army is utterly dispersed. A vast urban militia (maybe to judge by its looks, not yet a very formidable fighting force) and 400,000 armed peasants safeguard the revolution against exiles and Caribbean *condottieri*. What would not most governments give for so free a political hand, so zealous a mass support?

So remarkable is the record to date, that the difficulties which will increasingly arise are likely to be overlooked in an access of Cubatopianism. These are both technical and political, though the technical ones will be lessened by the obvious readiness of the USSR and China to keep the small Cuban economy afloat at present. After all, it will not cost much and the political gains are enormous. But much of Cuban administration is still an inefficient tangle that will take some straightening out. Politically the government faces, with increasingly rapid Socialisation and growth, not merely the dissidence of

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the small middle and white-collar classes, but some peasant opposition. And the economic programme holds out no prospect for rising urban wages in the next few years, while the American boycott (which affects spare parts and durable consumer goods especially) will be most sharply felt in the towns. How fast the revolution should advance in these circumstances – insofar as the international situation does not determine its movements – is the chief problem facing the revolutionaries. Though the cautious and the dashing are to be found in all groups, my guess is that (paradoxically) the Fidelistas incline more towards speed, the Communists to caution.

However, none of these problems is insuperable, or need be very serious. None of them is likely to produce, within the foreseeable future, any important body of Cuban opinion in favour of counter-revolution, which American policy has successfully identified with fifth columnism. There is no conclusive reason why my friend Pepe, an anglophil, Bevánite, Protestant Spanish refugee, should not continue to explain to all who care to listen: 'This is a good revolution. There was no bloodbath, as in Spain. Nobody is being tortured any more. We have the rule of law. This is the first government which acts for us and does not lie to the people.

Unless, of course, the world permits the Americans to turn Cuba into another Suez.

Reflections on Earls Court

LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

Sackings, strikes, short-time working and the credit squeeze form a mournful backcloth to this year's Motor Show. In addition to this, there is remarkably little in the way of new cars – though that has nothing to do with any depression. Gone are the days when a manufacturer felt he had to introduce new models every season, and when his public was uneducated enough to confuse a minor styling modification with a serious change. That leisurely brand of progress made it possible for the following year's models to be evolved in a matter of months; nowadays, it takes a good three years from drawing board to production line – and some three years of steady production to make the new model economic.

The American 'compacts' have been blamed for much of the present depression in Britain's motor industry. There is no doubt that their advent has affected the sales of British 'bread-and-butter' cars in the western hemisphere; but I feel that they represent the cure for an American headache rather than the creation of one for this country. Outside their native land, the compacts have been selling only for their novelty value. Dollar restrictions have forced us to look upon Detroit's recent offerings as expensive luxuries rather than cheap family cars with a potential sale of millions per annum. Meanwhile the Chevrolet, for instance, has grown from a medium-sized 3½-litre saloon in 1939 to a ponderous five-litre V-8 some 17 feet long. The same goes for its competitors: and the compacts are the result of a domestic reaction against these unparkable monsters riddled with their meaningless styling fads.

Incidentally, they are compact only in relation to their predecessors. They probably represent as small a car as the American public will contemplate for long-distance motoring, but they are not small judged by world standards, and it is doubtful if any of them will give a fuel consumption of 30 m.p.g. under give-and-take conditions. On the current contributions, from Pontiac, Chevrolet, Rambler, Plymouth and Studebaker, wheelbases are around the nine-foot mark; and the shortest of them, the Studebaker Lark, measures 14 feet 7 inches from bumper to bumper. Technically, they are far more interesting, since they represent in several ways a complete breakaway from the old Detroit formula. Instances of this are the floor gear change on the Plymouth; the Corvair's rear-mounted air-cooled flat-six engine; the Rambler's unit-construction; and the Pontiac's backbone frame, with gearbox in unit with the rear axle – all ideas which have had currency for some time in Europe.

The real menace to our exports seems to stem, rather, from the increasing number of car-making nations. In this country alone one may buy vehicles made in France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Sweden, Holland, Czechoslovakia and the United States – a healthy state of affairs, but one which may, because of the pressure to buy the home-made, eventually relegate the sale of imported cars to a 'snob' status. The high initial cost of tooling will, however, prevent many countries from offering a diversity of home-made vehicles. The classic illustration of this is Australia, where the one indigenous private car, the Holden, is ideally suited to the national requirements. There are, however, a lot of Australians who don't want a Holden, and they will continue to buy vehicles of British design, albeit assembled in Australia.

There are no design trends to match the sensation of the BMC 'Minis' of last season. The concept of putting engine and transmission at the same end of the structure has won no more recruits, though Pontiac have gone halfway in mounting their new Tempest's gearbox on the back axle; while this interesting car is the first four-cylinder model to be offered by an important American producer for many years. More intriguing to me, though, is Standard's introduction of a two-litre 'Six' using the Vanguard structure. Six cylinders were originally adopted to impart smoothness and silence to a town carriage, and this concept held good until after the First World War.

In the early Thirties, the demand for flexibility bred a whole crop of 1500 cc miniature 'Sixes'. Many of these would pull away from a standstill in top gear, but they were fussy, and the engines prone to rev their guts out. As designers produced smoother four-cylinder engines and mounted them more flexibly in better-sprung chassis, all this complexity became redundant; and by 1950, the big 'Four' was firmly established, Austin and Standard making quantities of four-cylinder vehicles of over two-litres capacity. Ford, Vauxhall, and Morris made smallish 'Sixes' of about two-litre capacity in the same period, but the former two have since been enlarged, and the latter dropped. So it is interesting that Standard, who were never heavily committed to the pint-sized 'Six' in the Thirties, should take this step now.

The small-production luxury car is on its way out; but the departure of Armstrong-Siddeley during 1960 is compensated for by the return of Lea-Francis after an eclipse of six years. One may forgive them for buying their main components outside, for the survival of the specialist manufacturer depends upon a small minority who concern themselves not with what a car does, but how it does it.

What are the prospects? We do clearly have a temporary recession on our hands, simply because the upward trend, although still existing, has proved slower than the manufacturers anticipated. I also suspect that they had been cheerfully anticipating the death, with the advent of the 'Ten-plus tests,' of hordes of elderly vehicles. In fact, many owners of the 1938 and 1939s are gladly paying their 15 shillings for the test: if they were to sell, they would get little more than this from the breakers, anyway!

Undoubtedly we shall lose some of the fume-propagating rattle-traps, but the turnover will not be notably brisk. There is also no doubt that traffic congestion, allied to the rapid rate of technical development, has seduced many customers away from the two-litre, and even the 1½-litre, class, towards the '1100s,' such as the 80-bore Ford. It is significant that the worst hit of the Big Five producers is one which markets nothing smaller than a 1,500 cc family saloon.

Finally, two interesting points. Standard-Triumph have just opened a new plant at Malines to serve the European market; and Lord Rootes has announced plans to build a new baby car in a factory in Scotland. The fact that these schemes are going ahead shows that the industry itself has faith in the future. If this year's is not an interesting Motor Show, this is surely in itself no cause for anxiety. If the industry felt that new models were needed at this stage, it would certainly have been in a position to introduce them.

It's a Jungle

ANTHONY CARSON

'If this is Split', said Leonie, 'it looks terrible!'

'I'm quite certain it's lovely', I said, feeling proprietorial about a place I had praised too much on no acquaintance. This is my way; it is a form of gambling. Certainly this end of the town looked grim. Nearly all Yugoslav towns are prefaced by cement factories, sordid machinery, pipes and tall yellow chimneys wheezing with an asthma of thick smoke. There is a new, brash, almost colonial feeling; the entrails haven't been covered up. The acrid smoke followed us for a long time and then suddenly we were in a town, a real town, fat, white, neat and secure, with shops and cars and smart loungers and impeccable police. I found an elderly jaunty man who spoke Italian – although Yugoslavs loathe Italians, Germans, Russians and other Yugoslavs, Italian is a fairly traditional language in Split, but becoming superseded by German – and he told us of a hotel near the sea called the Stella and even wrote down the proper name in Croat.

Suddenly we were in tourist country, a brilliant holiday sea, honeymoon flowers and cicadas sawing expensively through the pines. 'What about this?' I cried to Leonie triumphantly.

'It's a great deal better', she said, 'but it

Men in conference

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doesn't *feel* chic. There's still something desperate about it somewhere.' But the Hotel Stella wasn't desperate. It was casually luxurious and very inexpensive. I sat outside in the garden restaurant and drank Slivovic and black coffee and tried to think about Yugoslavia. What was it? Anyone with fair sensibilities can feel the inner proportions of a new country, or even a new woman, without knowing her bank-balance or her family history. You fill in as time goes on. So far the country was like a canteen, but the air of Split held a new vibration, it seemed to house a myth.

I went into the vestibule, meaning to have a shower and shave, but met a large, youngish man with a wide-open expression behind the reception counter. There was something engaging yet defensive about him; he was a man who had learned how to cope with his environment, stepping neatly backwards and forwards as events dictated. 'I am half-employed here', he said. 'The rest of the time I paint and talk. One must do what one can and not complain about the cheese.'

'You are an artist?' I asked.

'That is in my bones. I am a father, a husband, a hotel clerk, but I am an artist and sometimes I swell up with it, until I begin to starve and become a philosopher.'

I decided to go for a swim. This area of Split was lush as champagne, but the bathing establishment was utterly unpolished. It was an honest back-door onto the Adriatic, and no nonsense. I dived in, accepting the afternoon sun and a glass of beer, and then dressed, walking through the establishment to collect my wallet. I opened the wallet and began counting a wad of Italian lira, when a thin man in a cap approached me . . . 'That's a lot of lira', he said.

'Quite a bit', I said.

'Do you want any dinars?' I nodded. Why not feasts in Split? He beckoned me aside. 'I can give you a lot more than the official exchange', he said, 'but not a word about it. Come along with me.' We left the bathing establishment and walked quite a long way to a sort of shop. I couldn't read the writing over the window. 'It's a coffin shop', said the man in the cap, pointing to long wooden boxes on the floor, 'but we also do business transactions. Give me your lira.' I handed them over, he made a quick calculation, and handed over a small pile of dinars.

'Strictly illegal', said the coffin-maker: 'keep your mouth shut.' As I took them, I felt a twinge of fear. I would make a terribly bad crook, and I kept thinking of the next frontier and the written money declaration, the tap on the shoulder and the long bolt in the door.

Leonie and her husband Henri went to bed early and so did I. I woke up to matin bells. It was Sunday, and the bells nagged me. I had never expected the old holy ritual to fill the Sabbath morning behind the Yugoslav curtain, and I could only imagine, cynically, that it was for the tourists. Henri and Leonie and I had breakfast in the garden restaurant and made plans to examine Split. When we passed through the vestibule, the resilient artist clerk was standing behind the counter and he showed us some of his drawings of the town, delicate but boldly sweeping, a kind of long secret discovered. It made us impatient to see the town.

'As a matter of fact', said the artist, 'it's my day off to-day.' He looked at us with an almost apologetic smile.

'Would you come with us in the car?' I said.

'I'd love to show you Split', he said.

The town, behind the anonymous facade, is Renaissance Italian, glowing like a golden apple, stately as a coronation, with gleaming white courtyards masked and draped by cloaks of deep shadow. There are many noble, pensive statues but nearly all are decapitated, struck down, hacked and mutilated by successions of Serbs, Turks, pirates, Germans and Croats. Matsi, the artist, was most drawn to the palace of Diocletian, whose pillars plunge to the sky with Roman truculence, and particularly to the forecourt where the Emperor took his daily walk after watching Christians expire in a variety of ways. Death by lions pleased him, but he vastly preferred crocodiles, and for this sport flooded the basement of a still visible building and installed first and second class boxes overlooking the spectacle. The underground passages and storerooms of the palace now contain an art museum, beautiful, banal and boring by turns. It contains the most beautiful Apollo and Venus Aphrodite in the world, four astonishing Roman heads which exactly resemble Stalin, Mussolini, Macmillan and General de Gaulle and, astonishingly, an excellent abstract sculpture, in iron, of the first king of Croatia. 'Do you like this?', asked Matsi.

'Very much', I said. I was amazed it had been allowed in.

'The sculptor is a friend of mine', said Matsi 'you must meet him.'

Afterwards we drank beer at a café frequented by Split intelligentsia, students, artists and teachers. It was good, cold beer. Henri and Leonie had bought postcards and were busy writing to their cousins, uncles and aunts. I had also bought postcards, carefully chosen. But I never send them, they lie at the bottom of my suitcase for years, glinting at me with accusing views. One of these was a view of Split by night, and high above the panorama the word TITO gleamed in neon. I showed Matsi the card and pointed to the illuminated name. He stared at it for some time, then stared at me, then back at the card, then examined my face again. His expression was terribly serious. Had I made a false move, a tiny catastrophic mistake? But suddenly he burst out laughing and clapped me on the back. It was a laugh of liberation and a sort of shared licence, it was the sort of laugh I had heard in Spain and Portugal; there had always been such minor laughter under Julius Caesar, Napoleon, Queen Victoria and Hitler. There would always be such laughter, a sort of diplomatic danger, until the world's end.

We began to talk about liberty. The French couple didn't like this discussion, and as a matter of fact they didn't like Yugoslavia; it frightened and offended them. Here was indeed a small undercurrent of fear, but I was beginning to enjoy the lack of sophistication, the oases of untainted customs. 'But you haven't got liberty', I said to Matsi.

'Inner liberty?' said Matsi. 'Who really has liberty, what with one's own conscience, the police, enemies and fate. Only a few rogues and saints have liberty.' He looked back at the postcard, laughing.

'But what about the liberty to write? I, for instance, am a writer.'

'You could always write about birds', said Matsi, still staring at the postcard. 'Do you know', he continued, 'below the illuminated name lies the leader's house, and at this very moment a Greek millionaire's yacht is anchored outside. Guess who else is in the yacht.' I told him. 'The greatest man in the world', said Matsi, automatically. Then we all drove up a long winding road to the top of a hill with a great blue view and in the background the great yellow blanket of factory smoke. Lovers were everywhere, not wound together, but walking decorously through the pines, a little Victorian, a faded photograph. Matsi and I discussed Sunday in Yugoslavia: 'People like myself make a point of going to church', he said. 'Personally I am not in the least religious, but it's our one form of spiritual protest. Of course the police take our names, and so on, there are certain complications, but we nip in and out.'

We drove to a large building like a country house with flowering bushes around it. 'My little house', said Matsi modestly. 'Do come in.' Henri and Leonie stood and stared at it, enormously impressed by his house. I could see how he had gone up in their estimation.

'It's really charming', said Leonie. 'Splendid' said Henri.

'I'm awfully sorry', said Matsi, wiping off his smile with a swift sponge of apology. 'It's not really my house. It's the entrance to the Split Zoo.'

'It was a joke', I explained. We entered the Zoo, and a little later as we stood before an exhibit of fossilized spider crabs, he leaned forward and whispered the forbidden, illuminated name in my ear. Again he laughed, clapped me on the back and said: 'You're the fellow'. Was it a trap? Were the dreaded police in the Zoo? I dismissed the idea as absurd, though I was haunted by the thought of the coffin man and the smuggled dinars.

The Zoo, in fact, began with charts and photographs, and then there was a huge room filled with fossils, shells, minerals and stuffed fish. The place was filled with visitors and they were examining everything, not hurrying on, as western people do, to the live animals, but reading the labels over the cases of star fish, sea-urchins and cormorant's eggs. Actually I rushed through the room, agonizingly bored, until I stood in front of a huge stuffed fish with ravening jaws. 'They eat four or five people every year', said Matsi proudly. The next room contained about ten cases with glass tops, but there was absolutely nothing in them. We moved down to the living fauna. I have been to private zoos in England, and some were sad, but this was the saddest zoo of all. Many of the cages contained animals you could see in a park, they gazed with puzzled, humble eyes through bars and netting. Poultry strutted about, banalising everything. There was a terribly melancholy animal with mange, labelled 'Wolf', padding about in the hot sun. Leonie gazed at it. 'It's a husky dog from the North Pole', said Henri contemptuously. Leonie dragged herself away. She vaguely wanted the dog. She wanted to extricate it from Yugoslavia.

Then we stopped at a monkey cage. In it were three monkeys, a male, a female and a baby. The baby was about the size of a kitten, and it was learning how to climb the wire netting of its cage. It would move a small distance and then the mother monkey would pluck it back and cradle it in her arms. Her loving black fingers stroked its infant head and then released the midget to climb again towards the kingdom of the sun. In front of the cage stood a huge crowd of people, absolutely silent, faces bent upwards to the hush of a miracle, a martyrdom or a revelation.

'There', said Matsi, 'you can see that all mothers are the same. And that baby will never know and never miss the jungle.' Once more he slapped my back, 'And you and I know what the jungle is like.'

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THE ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Theatre in Decline?

JEREMY BROOKS

'It now seems likely,' says the Arts Council's Annual Report, 1959-60, 'that even this Operation Holdfast may not arrest the decline of the living theatre.' *Decline*? It seems a strange word to use. No doubt the Arts Council has its reasons, but after spending every night last week at the theatre, in a mood of mounting excitement at the diversity of talent and enthusiasm on every hand, I read the phrase with blank disbelief.

The week's most intriguing offering was the Royal Court Theatre's production of *Platonov*, adapted by Dmitri Makaroff from Chekhov's first (and by him untitled) play. The manuscript was discovered among Chekhov's family papers in 1920. Previous English translations have omitted the crowded, typically Chekhovian first act. This new version includes it, but the unwieldy original has been tailored to a manageable length, and what we have now is virtually a new Chekhov play. To anyone as dotty about Chekhov as I am, this is like striking gold in one's backyard. True, there is little of the quiet, poetic nostalgia of the famous plays, but in the person of Platonov himself, the shabby, irresponsible schoolmaster who is torn to pieces by his own fatal attractiveness to women, we have a prototype of many of Chekhov's most satisfyingly rounded characters.

The play is more overtly comic than we are accustomed to in Chekhov; and, delightful as this comedy is, it seems to me that the directors, George Devine and John Blatchley, in so assiduously pointing it up, have done Chekhov a disservice. The play ends in tragedy. But so firmly has our mood of hilarity been established by the farcical treatment of Platonov's dilemma that even his death cannot be taken seriously. His friend Nikolai, in a final speech which should be both moving and pertinent, has to contend with an audience still bubbling with laughter.

In every other respect this is a brilliant production. Richard Negri's imaginative sets were deservedly applauded, and Richard Pilbrow's cunning lighting of the melodramatic railway-suicide-attempt had the audience on the edge of their seats. Rex Harrison is perfectly cast as Platonov: even a man can believe in that fatal, brooding attractiveness – part callousness, part babyish vulnerability – which in the end so suddenly and surprisingly destroys him. Mr Harrison's ability to suggest, by movement and expression, the presence of an unused, almost atrophied intelligence in this futile philanderer is quite remarkable. Do, while you can, go to see this play.

The Dublin Festival Company's production of *The Playboy of the Western World* has been brought to the Piccadilly Theatre for a three-week season. I don't like the Irish 'thing' – that mixture of irresponsible amorality and heated self-righteousness which turns heads as quickly as it broadens accents – but, for all its wordy inconsequence, Synge's play has a solidity of form noticeably absent from much of the early Abbey Theatre stuff. If one can abandon one's critical intelligence and just *listen* – never mind what the words mean, you may find the dialect baffling anyway – this production provides an evening of pure gold. Patrick Scott's thatched shebeen, standing four-square against the Atlantic, creates exactly the right atmosphere for this community of idlers and boasters who can respect a man who has killed his father – as long as he did it in another county. Pegeen Mike, though subscribing to the same silly ethos, must tower above it by the sheer force of personality. There cannot be many actresses in the world who can make her tower as Siobhan McKenna does. Donal Donnelly, in a performance of great subtlety, triumphantly rises to Miss McKenna's challenge: in the final scene he suddenly grows in stature until he o'ertops Pegeen herself with his new-found manhood. It was a deeply satisfying moment. My only quarrel with Shelah Richards's direction, which milks the play for every conceivable laugh, was that at certain points the action contradicted the spoken words.

Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, written at the height of the revolutionary *Sturm und Drang* period, sought to brand Elizabeth as a tyrannous villainess. Today we understand only too well those vacillations between fear (which saw in Mary's death the only hope of personal survival) and human conscience (which, even when the death warrant is signed, cannot take responsibility for its delivery); for the conscience of the whole modern world is troubled by a similar contradiction of desires. We are stirred to sympathy for Elizabeth's dilemma, while Schiller's heroine, Mary, seems only a romantic muddler who has never faced up to the realities of power politics. We are at odds with the author throughout, and this dissatisfaction is not helped, in the present Old Vic production, by the combination of Stephen Spender's flat translation and a complete lack of visual interest. With so little colour to intrigue the ear, and none to occupy the eye, the dead patches between the two great scenes seem to stretch out interminably. Since the Old Vic seem disinclined to spend any money on its production, it is odd that they should have brought this play into their repertory at all.

Tuesday night found me crossing the chilly wastes of Essex to the Queen's Theatre, Hornchurch, where David Phethean is presenting, with enormous élan, two short comedies by David Perry. In Mr Perry's suburban Pinterland the most prosaic of lives is pregnant with threat. *The Trouble with Our Ivy* ends with two neighbouring Surbiton families, dear enemies, chopping each other to pieces with axes as their houses collapse under the weight of a giant Amazonian creeper. In *Stuff and Nonsense* a similar aura of impending doom hangs over the inhabitants of a basement flat in Parson's Green. Both plays are modest in aim but deadly accurate. I hope very much that Mr. Perry will find a theme worthy of a full-length play, for his brand of intelligent, loaded wit is enormously refreshing.

Kitti Fring's adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's massive novel, *Look Homeward Angel* (Pembroke, Croydon) shares with other dramatised novels that unsatisfying quality of having plenty of meat but no bone. Nevertheless it is impossible not to become involved in the bickerings and frustrations of Wolfe's Dixieland family. It is, if not dramatically satisfying, certainly a moving and absorbing experience, and the play's great success in America is understandable. A young actor called Peter McEnery gives a memorable performance as Eugene, the gangling adolescent who is the only member of the family to escape the destructive possessiveness of the matriarchal Eliza. This play deserves to reach the West End, though whether a prosceniumarch production could successfully recreate the intimate family atmosphere achieved by Theatre-in-the-Round is a big question.

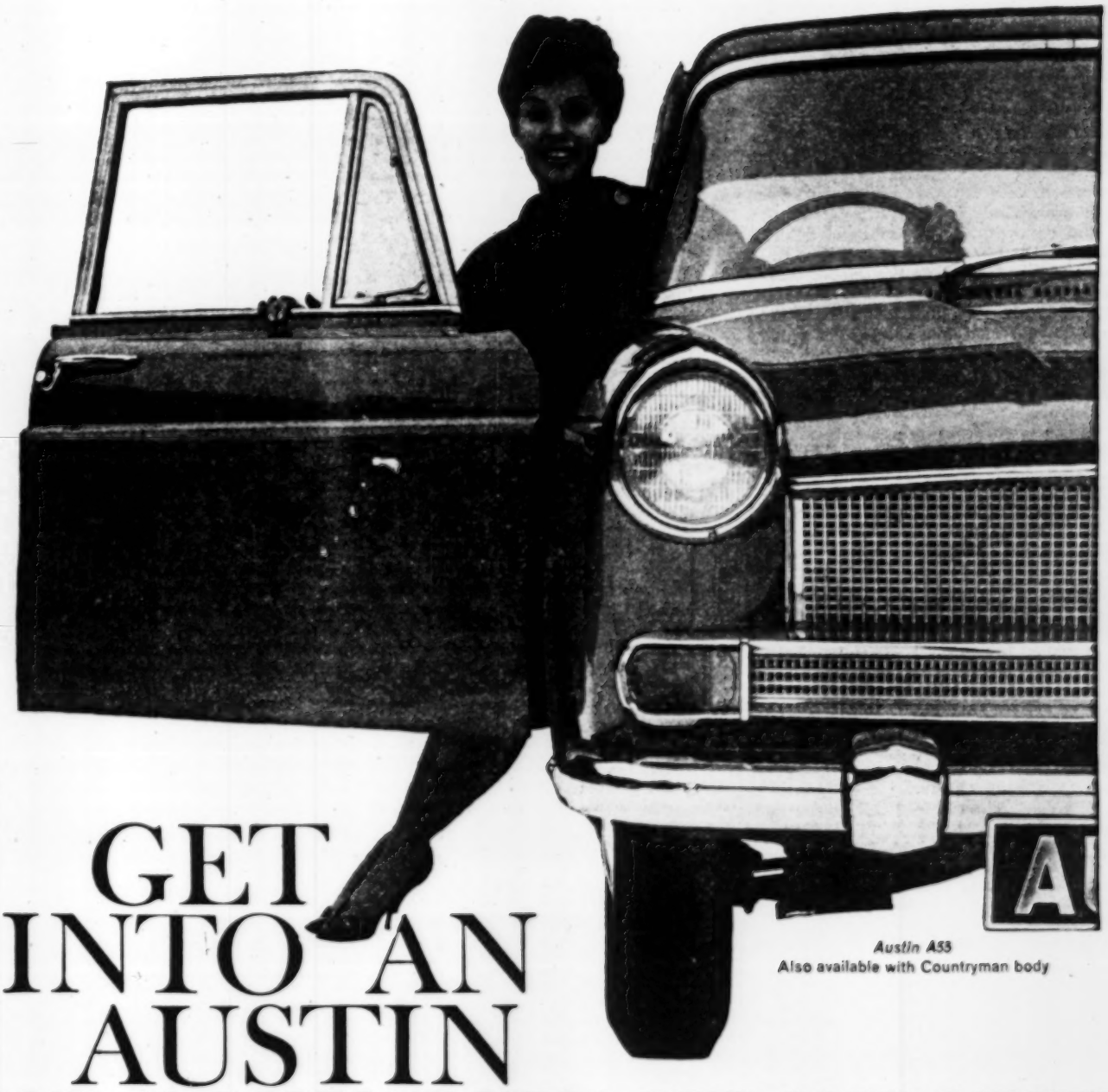
Learning by Eye

TOM DRIBERG

One of those sob-choked teenage songs asks querulously why the singer was born too late. When I look at the school television broadcasts – and indeed at some other programmes which are, broadly, educative – I feel, enviously, that I was born too soon. Since a good many adults are free to view in the daytime, there may now be quite a lot of 'sneak' self-education going on: I cannot embark on this systematically, but if only . . . If only, as a small boy, I had been taught 'science' as those fortunate children who watch the BBC's *Discovering Science* series are taught it, I might not have found it so dull and be now so totally ignorant of it.

On Monday, for instance, they were taught about sound in a strictly visual way which I found absorbing: an old-fashioned speaking-tube, a big model ear ('let's have a look at the ear-canal . . . don't try this with your own ears, please'), concentric ripples from a stone in a pond, a wave of movement passing along a line of playing-cards. 'Vibration is the beginning of all sounds: all musical instruments work by starting quick vibrations' – and then, an hour later, by coincidence or design, music (of which I am almost as ignorant, since I was never taught it as a 'subject' at all) in equally basic terms: 'Here's a piece of cane grown specially for making reeds . . . Here's a finished oboe-reed – let's see if it does make a sound [it did] . . . The air inside the oboe vibrates, and so we get the oboe tone. Now here's a dance-tune by Corelli' - and Peter Graeme played a jolly gavotte. Later: 'We make the bow sticky with rosin.' (Close-up of rosin, with caption: ROSIN.)

Even if it were possible for children to find much satisfaction in ragging a TV screen, the brisk, confident people who conduct these school broadcasts seem unlikelier victims of juvenile hostility than some of the living inhabitants of the blackboard jungle – perhaps because they mostly have the knack of imparting information without talking down to their audience. I don't suggest that most 'live' teachers don't have this knack, too, nowadays; I merely think back to a ghastly private school during World War I (when, no doubt, the younger and more efficient masters were away at the war). Education was a process of reciprocal torture, a daily series of battles, which the boys quite often won: poor Mr Graves, with his chronic snivelling catarrh and his surreptitious sweet-sucking – what we did to him was more savage than anything recorded in school-stories . . . And the sheer tedium of the headmaster's own unimaginative Latin and French lessons – the worse because since he was a practising sadist, we could not risk trying him too far . . . And Miss Greene the art mistress, fighting gallantly for refinement and against middle age: how feebly her instructions – those blobby little water-colours of autumn tints in the boringly pretty Weald – compare with the authoritative and penetra-



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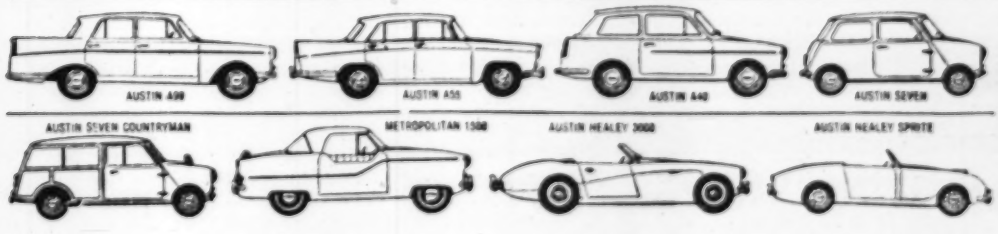

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ting guidance given on TV by people like Michael Ayrton (and, if only his programme's weren't usually so late at night, by Sir Kenneth Clark).

For school television, which started (as a regular institution) in an unnecessary hurry in 1957, has taken a great leap forward this year, and is valued by a growing number of schools: at least 2,000 are taking one or more of the BBC series; Associated-Rediffusion (the 1957 gun-jumpers) claims some 1,500 schools for various ITV companies' programmes, as compared with 420 two years ago and 1,000 last year. Granada is omitted from A-R's ostensibly comprehensive survey of this ITV service, but perhaps Granada prefers to go its own grand way, with its own superior Shenval-printed booklets, *Inquiry* and *Discovery*, describing the series on current affairs and on science which the sixth forms of more than 250 northern grammar schools now watch. Characteristically, Granada employs Cecil McGivern – the BBC's Deputy Director of Television – to teach these six-formers about television, and such other VIPs as Lord Harewood (on the State and the Arts), Sir Charles Morris (on Universities), and Professor Bernal (on the Structure of Liquids).

Both authorities can be proud of the job that is being done. All the brochures and teachers' notes that I have seen seem admirable. Only the other day A-R announced a distinguished new appointment – Sir Ifor Evans to be chairman of its Educational Advisory Council. Above all, this is one branch of television in which the Nuffield Report's recommendation that there should be joint consultation for the children's sake seems to have been sensibly carried out: the BBC's school TV is mostly in the mornings, ITV's in the afternoons. Thus, on Monday, besides the two programmes already mentioned, there was the BBC's sixth-form series on *People of the Renaissance*, from which I learned, among more important facts, that Lorenzo dei Medici had no sense of smell (an advantage in those days?); while in the afternoon, besides a programme on wood-working in the BBC series *First Years at Work*, there were two A-R programmes, one in *The Farming Year*, the other, on medieval epidemics, in *The Story of Medicine*.

On the whole, too, these programmes succeed in avoiding the obvious risk that TV will supplant instead of supplement living tuition: after each of them there are plenty of questions to be asked and answered. (After Monday's history lesson many teachers must have been asked what 'contrapuntal' music was, and may have corrected what was certainly an odd pronunciation of 'Magi').

But education doesn't mean only schooling. It is still a scandal of ITV that so many of the programmes that can 'enlarge experience' are broadcast so late at night: 10.30 p.m., for instance, for Ian Trethowan's series, *Main Street, USA*, from which can be learned far more of the truth about America, good and bad, than from all the trashy imported film series. This week's episode was about racial discrimination in Georgia: we saw both the courageous Atlanta editor who campaigns for integration and the ineffably smug Attorney-General who proudly told Trethowan that 'we have not yet yielded' to the six-year-old Supreme Court decision – and added that it was his 'fondest hope' that Negroes would 'some day demonstrate their ability to adopt a sound moral code'!

The Sound of Race

FRANCIS NEWTON

'Tell me what jazz is today and I'll tell you what America will be in five years' said the editor of *Downbeat*, the most venerable jazz magazine in the USA. He is right. Jazz is not merely a kind of music, but a social phenomenon. More directly than most other arts it catches those slight currents in the atmosphere of a society – American, but especially American Negro society – which forecast larger and more tangible changes, much as low-flying swallows are said to forecast changes in the weather. One such change is at present clearly and dangerously discernible. It is the sharp deterioration in race relations in the USA.

The evidence is inescapable. It is visible in the growing actual (as distinct from legal) segregation in the big northern cities which turns their central areas into vast Negro or Puerto Rican slums ringed by white suburbs, and produces embittered white resistance followed by mass exodus whenever a few Negroes begin to move into a white district. (When Mahalia Jackson moved into her present house five years ago, the whites threw rocks at her windows; today nobody throws rocks, because the suburb is Negro.) It is tangible in the growing hostility to whites. It is audible in the nationalist wave which has in the past few years engulfed much of *avant-garde* Negro jazz: the rediscovery of the down-home blues and especially the gospel song by musicians who used to look down on it as corny and vulgar; the defeat of the intellectualising 'cool' jazz by the neo-hot 'hard-bop' and 'funky' schools; the exclusive insistence on 'soul' (a term taken from the gospel vocabulary, and signifying passion rather than technique); the deliberate Africanism of men like the brilliant drummers Max Roach and Art Blakey. Artistically there was much to be said for this return to emotion and the roots of jazz after the ennui of the Fifties, though 'soul' is rather overdone these days. Politically it is a danger-signal.

Few jazz-critics like to speak about the rise of anti-white feeling among a section of younger jazz musicians playfully known as 'the Mau Mau'. It conflicts with that ideal of genuine non-racialism – the kind where one simply forgets what colour the other person is – to which most of them are rightly dedicated. But everyone knows that the anti-whites exist. 'Jazz used to be one of the few areas where colour didn't matter in personal relations', a New York jazz-lover told me sadly. 'Now it does.'

Well of course for the Negro it always *did* matter. What is happening now is not new, but merely an emergence of old feelings. Most Negroes always hated and feared white men as a group, for obvious and convincing reasons, though old-style entertainers have a very elaborate public mask to conceal it. Oppression has long given them an X-ray awareness of condescension, or of that desire to break taboos, to seek the noble savage, etc., which motivates many whites in their personal and especially their sexual relations with Negroes, even when they believe themselves to be merely egalitarian. (Probably this is what used to drive jazz musicians and hipsters away from the traditional stereotype into 'cool' behaviour and 'cool' music.) Nor is this supersensitiveness assuaged by the fact that the vogue for the Negro in jazz is today such that his chances in clubs and festivals are distinctly better than the whites.' Money is no cure for injustice. But if resentment is old, the anti-assimilationist tendency of its expression is new.

But what is happening among the small, tense, groups of *avant-garde* artists merely anticipates similar developments among the growing, densely packed, displaced urban masses, especially in the Northern cities which are destined to be the main centres of the American Negro people. Thus the little group of modern musicians who rejected white values after the war by turning Mohammedan, has now been reinforced by the cult of Elijah Muhammad ('The Messenger of Allah to the Lost-Found Nation of Islam in North America'), a genuine mass movement of the poorest among the urban poor, especially in Chicago, Detroit and New York; perhaps the first such movement since Garvey's 'Back to Africa' campaign 40 years ago. 'Muhammadanism' – which enjoys the support of some prominent jazz artists – is frankly against integration. It has shown a hitherto unique capacity to impose standards of self-respect, puritanism and family cohesion on its members, who come mainly from the most beaten-down section of city Negroes. On the other hand the racial and (*via* an admiration for the Islamic Nasser) anti-semitic note in its is strong. As it happens, I don't think that Elijah himself will be the man to lead the political awakening among the Negro masses which is just about due. His anti-christianity and the consequent opposition of the formidable church bloc will probably be too much for him. But it is to be

Russell Braddon

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WORLD ELECTRICAL NEWS IN PICTURES-7

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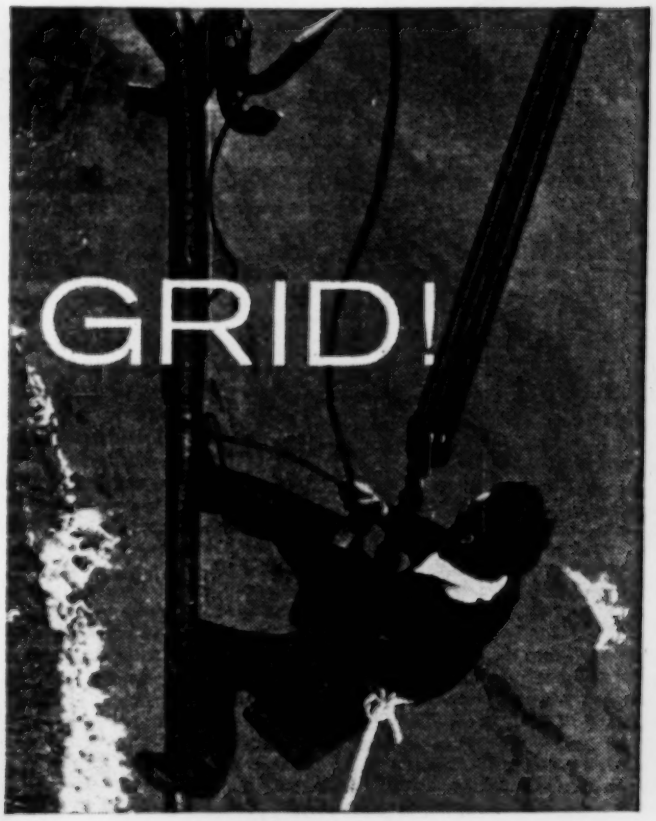

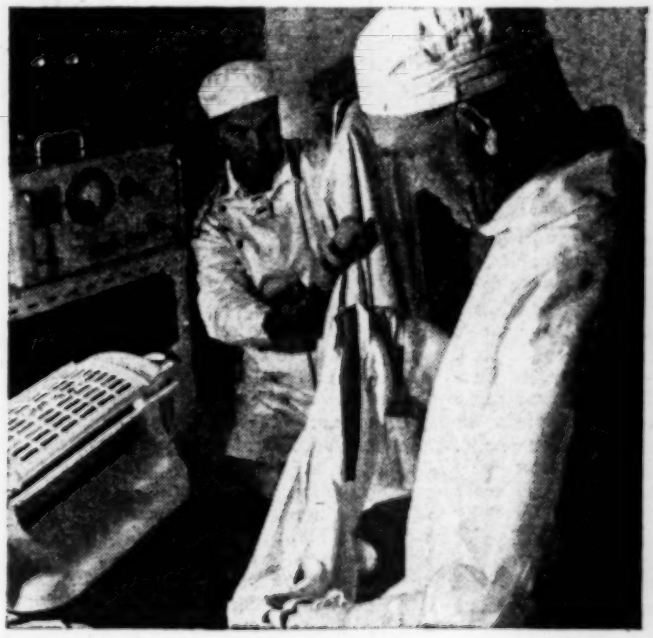

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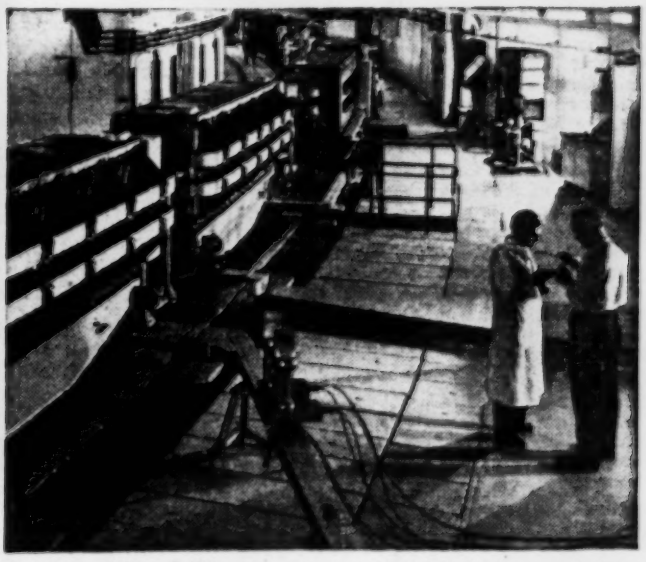

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Advertiser's announcement

The Amazing Potentialities of Memory

LITTLE thought when I arrived at my friend Borg's house that I was about to see something truly extraordinary, and to increase my mental powers tenfold.

He had asked me to come to Stockholm to lecture to the Swedes about Lister and other British scientists. On the evening of my arrival, after the champagne, our conversation turned naturally to the problems of public speaking and to the great labour imposed on us lecturers by the need to be word perfect in our lectures.

Borg then told me that his power of memory would probably amaze me – and I had known him, while we were studying law together in Paris, to have the most deplorable memory!

So he went to the end of the dining-room and asked me to write down a hundred three-figure numbers, calling each one out in a clear voice. When I had filled the edge of an old newspaper with figures, *Borg repeated them to me in the order in which I had written them down and then in reverse order, that is beginning with the last number. He also allowed me to ask him the relative position of different numbers: for example, which was the 24th, the 72nd, and the 38th, and I noticed that he replied to all my questions at once and without effort, as if the figures which I had written on the paper had been also written in his brain.*

I was dumbfounded by such a feat and sought in vain for the trick which enabled him to achieve it. My friend then said: "The thing you have just seen and which seems so remarkable is, in fact, quite simple. Everybody has a memory good enough to do the same, but few indeed can use this wonderful faculty."

He then revealed to me how I could achieve a similar feat of memory, and I at once mastered the secret – without mistakes and without effort – as you, too, will master it tomorrow.

But I did not stop at these amusing experiments. I applied the principles I had learned in my daily work. I could now remember, with unbelievable facility, the lectures I heard and those which I gave myself, the names of people I met – even if it was only once – as well as their addresses, and a thousand other details which were most useful to me. *Finally, I discovered after a while, that not only had my memory improved, but that I had also acquired greater powers of concentration; a surer judgement – which is by no means surprising since the keenness of our intellect is primarily dependent on the number and variety of the things we remember.*

If you would like to share this experience and to possess those mental powers which are still our best chance of success in life, ask G. O. Borg to send you his interesting booklet *The Eternal Laws of Success* – he will send it free to anyone who wants to improve his memory. Here is the address:

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feared that when the Northern city Negro poor seek something more positive than the ward-heeling careerists who have been their substitute for politics since the sun of F.D.R. set, they will meet the *de facto* separatism of the whites with a counter-separatism of their own.

It is to be hoped that they won't. But what are the alternatives? There is no socialist movement. The young Southern sit-in students have not so far made the impact on the masses that they have on the small, untypical, Negro middle class or on the whites. (One has merely to observe the failure of an artist like Ray Charles, who sweeps away the mass audience, to move a Negro middle-class ballroom, to be aware of the potential chasm which separates the masses from the *évolués*). Of course there is Castro, who actually leads a mixed Negro-and-white people. If the 'avant-gardists' resume those experiments with Cuban rhythms and drummers which were in vogue ten years ago, it will be a fair inference that his irruption into Harlem has left a permanent mark. The political pundits had better listen to jazz . . .

Rock Cakes

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Imagine a week starting with three British films: at 10.30 in the Monday morning mists you have to brave British farce, and Royal Navy farce at that! The captain's sister wears unsexy shorts, someone emerging from the bathroom has been caught with his trousers down, 'bloody' scores a trick, transvestism and belching come into play, and the whole thing is called *Watch Your Stern!* Exaggerated? I'm afraid this nightmare is only too true. It goes straight into general release next week.

To make up, it is packed with comedians: Eric Barker, Leslie Phillips, Kenneth Connor, Sid James, and Noel Purcell are only a start. Spike Milligan tries being an Indian electrician. Hattie Jacques gets mistaken for a man. The secret weapon round which the plot revolves must surely be our Sense of Humour; to escape from which seems the only hope for a British film that would make outsiders laugh.

There was more promise in *The Siege of Sidney Street* (Marble Arch Odeon). Newsreel has engraved on the mind the young Winston with topper and cigar leaning forward from a doorway to follow the battle for which, in his florid way, he has brought up troops: three anarchists to be expunged from a house and from the body politic. This scene the film recaptures vividly, if not quite with the conviction and bravura it demands. Would those three at windows, with snipers all round, under and over, have resisted as nonchalantly as this? When the house is set on fire and the fire-engines arrive, the watching crowds break through, and Peter the Painter escapes through the front door into popular legend. I have heard Hyde Park orators talk of him by the hour. Unfortunately this is not only the film's highlight but almost its only distinction, the rest being crook-and-cops stuff of a routine order. We even get the girl conspirator and the kindly cop, and the Cause with a bit of banjo-playing thrown in. Admittedly, there is scarcely enough known about Sidney Street to add up to a thriller; but need invention have been as mousy as this? The Steinie Morrison case, with which it was closely interwoven, would have made a far more dramatic centre, with Sidney Street as an incident. Then the pleasantly photographed East End streets might have taken on meaning.

Thirdly, there's our culture effort, Anthony Asquith's *The Millionairess*: surely no one but an Englishman would have dreamt of taking on this bit of old Shaw. The lure seems to have been in the casting, with Sophia Loren as the tyrant and Peter Sellers as her gentle Indian doctor. The second of these beautifully comes off: Sellers fans will collect Doctor Kabir as one of his most brilliant impersonations. The millionairess part is really no more than one for a *grande dame* to bang about in; Miss Loren isn't that, and her lure and skill are largely wasted. But then so is the whole film, scripted by Mankowitz from an old man's play that in any case had little more to it than a handful of quirks and lines. The film seems long, though it isn't, and shows signs of having been longer. Its spontaneous fun comes near the beginning with Miss Loren standing on the parapet over the Thames and the chauffeur saying, 'Will that be all?' and later, in spasms, during the prolonged wooing of Dr Kabir. Alastair Sim, immaculate as ever in the part of the family solicitor who keeps their fortunes very close to his heart, steals his scenes early on with ruthless and ingratiating charm; one remembers his grimly professional visit to an offending couple, closing, round the door, with a guiltily shared joke; his smile lingers like music; but the part dies too soon, as does so much in this curiously ramshackle piece. The whole thing is too vague, pointless, and episodic to be the romp it is meant to be. Better Shaw next time.

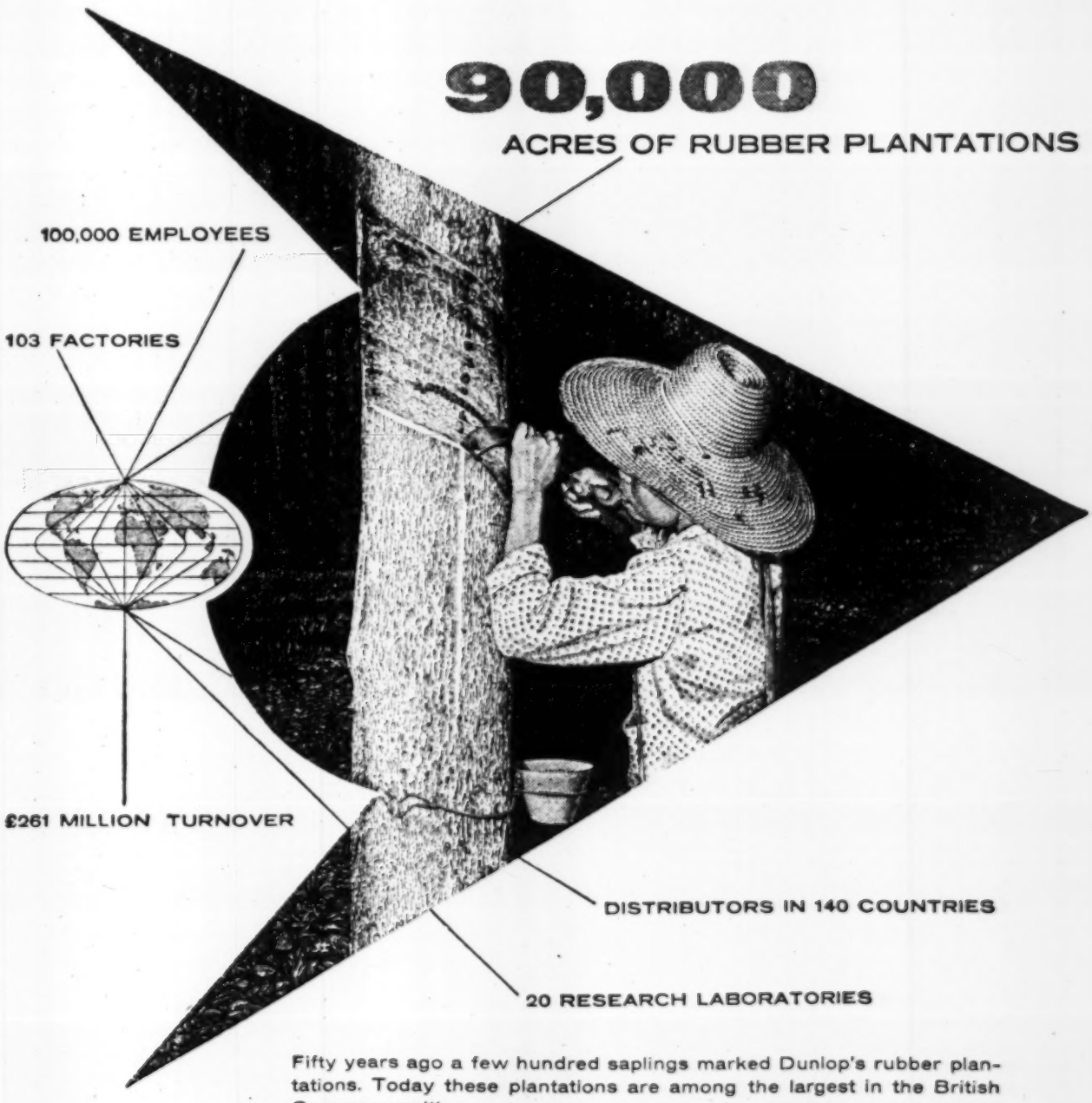
Solids and Liquids

KEITH SUTTON

Matthew Smith who, on principle, consistently refused to send to or join the Royal Academy is being honoured at Burlington House. The Exhibition packs 255 works, both excellent and indifferent, hung with more hope than understanding, in close rows on its well lit walls. The result is that one can scarcely see less than two and a half pictures at any one moment. If the point of this is to show that Matthew Smith worked hard all his life with an extraordinary consistency of style and vision, then the point is made. There may be a certain charm in feeling cluttered and having to sort things out for oneself, but Smith was an artist whose finest works do not need the elucidation of his fumbles around them. A good Smith – a fine Smith – gives us the whole man. The Tate Exhibition of 1953 and Tooth's of 1960 each paid greater honour by regarding the artist's own standards.

By contrast, in the present retrospective exhibition at the Tate, Giacomo Manzù has selected the works himself. We can take it therefore that this is the way he wants us to look at him. Confusingly, the effect is also damaging. For an artist who so patently registers his affinity with a classical past he shows more regard for effect than for structure. In both sculptures and drawings he ably and suavely says what we know to be true about appearances – the moment at which we begin to search for cause he stops informing us. But given an external purpose and authority, such as created the studies for the Salzburg doors, magic takes over. The surface of the clay panels is thumbed and scored with

BEHIND THE DUNLOP SYMBOL



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New Statesman readers have helped us to change that for many refugees. But we urgently need to send more medicines and food; and provide shelter for more orphans and the old (£1,000 would house 100 old people in specially desperate need; or £1 send a month's supplementary food to someone near starvation). Equally, refugees plead for the chance to help themselves—for sewing machines, tools, occupational training. (The living conditions of 30,000 could speedily improve if we had funds for hand looms).

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a sensitive passion and the imagery responds.

César, at the Hanover, for all the 'monkey business' of his press publicity, is a serious artist not yet even interested in a 'retrospective' because he is very much alive and on the move. If he looks at the past at all it must be towards the Romanesque rather than the Classical or Baroque. His instinct is to divert the symmetrical. The large standing figures do not lurch towards the viewer, as a Paolozzi might, but draw to themselves the passing eye, nearer and nearer towards a core of form which then, suddenly, towers over one. Selecting his material from metal waste, he does not so much pick up the happy chance as cause accidents to happen for him. A master of his metal, he makes the images shed their hazard under his hands without forfeiting the associations of their peculiar origins.

Without pressing the comparison too far, one may discern in the paintings of Gillian Ayres and the sculptures of Anthea Alley (South Molton) a nice compliment of admiration for Smith and César – without imitation. Ayres has no rooted objects in front of her to describe but admits to 'the reality of creating shape with a brush'. Her pigment, its colour, its liquid medium and the brush tangle together in an adventure which discovers emotional rather than structural volumes. Alley's recent metal sculptures reveal the same strength of wrist allied to sensibility which marked her paintings at the WIAC earlier this year.

Rosamunde Floris

DAVID DREW

The flowery title of Boris Blacher's new opera, first performed at the recent Berlin Festival, belies its true nature. The libretto is adapted from a late play (1940) by the then exiled German dramatist Georg Kaiser. The subject matter of the original play is most violent, and is distantly related to that of Wedekind's 'Lulu' plays. Rosamunde Floris has a short and passionate affair which she arbitrarily breaks off. She does not meet her lover again, but in order to preserve the mystical bond between them she commits three murders. The play employs certain typically Expressionist motifs – the symbolic moon is the most obvious one – and with a kind of deliberately cold artificiality juxtaposes the exotic and the mundane, the ecstatic and the prosaic. As with so much of Kaiser, the structure and the diction make it well suited to opera, and indeed Blacher is able to set much of the text intact.

But what an odd choice to make from Kaiser's vast output! For seven years before writing the play, Kaiser had worked with little or no hope of seeing any production of his work. (His entire output had been banned by the Third Reich in 1933.) *Rosamunde Floris* was a kind of private testament, and the author himself thought it unperformable. If it has any possibilities as the basis of an opera, then it would seem to call for a very highly-strung post-Schoenbergian style, in which the fantastic elements of the play are matched and supported by the most elaborate through-composed structure. Here, its coldness might find warmth, its two-dimensional characters a third dimension.

But Blacher remains faithful to his own very individual kind of objectivity. Indeed, he takes 'objectivity' so far that there ceases to be any object at all, musically. As composition, the work is largely simple arithmetic. So

far as the pitches are concerned – and often they are not concerned, for the monotone is a device Blacher favours – the music is chiefly a matter of counting, sometimes from one to twelve, sometimes in progressions such as 1-2, 1-2-3, 1-2-3-4, etc., etc. Rhythmically and in polyrhythms, the music proceeds by means of simple ratios and wild rushing figures which sound like speeded-up and thinned-out versions of the drowning scene in *Wozzeck*. Characterising gestures are almost entirely dispensed with. When the words 'Yes, I am happy' end a scene, they are set to a single note, in speech rhythm. (This is quite another matter from Debussy's famous setting of 'Je t'aime', which owes its force to a deeply and passionately felt context.) Blacher's austere refusal to characterise the dramatic situations would be less worrying if the few exceptions he makes to this rule did not have such banal musical results.

As a cultural phenomenon, this incredible orgy of *secco* is remarkable. It betrays an anxiety in the face of the creative challenge which could hardly have been experienced in any other age. That it *is* the work of an artist somehow remains evident. Within these cruelly narrow limits, it has style and consistency. A certain technical skill saves it from the numbing boredom of much of Orff's music.

But on the other hand it has none of the charm and prosodic subtlety of Virgil Thomson's opera (to take one possible parallel), and is entirely without the spirit of Satie's *Socrate* (to take another). The idea that the text must speak for itself need not prevent the formulation of concrete and developed musical ideas, and the fact that there are no such ideas in *Rosamunde Floris*, except possibly in the finale, is clearly related to the arbitrary nature of the musical materials. A unison, a common chord, a diatonic scale, a chromatic scale, a twelve-note series – all are mere possibilities which acquire no dramatic inevitability.

One listens to the ticking of the mechanism, admires its craftsmanlike precision, and regrets that it never really moves, never *engages* with anything that matters. With a cold shudder one recalls that these things used to be said of Stravinsky. Then, in relief, one turns to Stravinsky . . .

The outstanding feature of the premiere was the production by the great Erwin Piscator. It was his first opera production. Its overall unity, and its superb understanding of placing and movement make it something that could profitably be studied by any professional opera producer. With this initial advantage and with a fine cast, the work was given every chance of success. It is not the fault of Stina Britta Melander, the remarkable singer of the title role, that the essential character of Kaiser's heroine was obscured. The change had already been prepared in the libretto, and the music confirmed it.

Correspondence

THE LABOUR PARTY

SIR, – 'We obeyed conference decisions on German rearmament: now you obey them on unilateralism'. So our unilateralist colleagues in the parliamentary party now say to us. Barbara Castle went a long way towards saying it in her article last week.

In fact, however, the analogy is quite false. In the first place, to the extent that the parliamentary party has any independence – and everyone agrees that it has some – MPs who belong to it owe loyalty to its majority decisions quite apart from their loyalty to the majority decisions of the conference. The majority of the PLP supported German rearmament, but oppose unilateralism.

Moreover, support for unilateralism by the parliamentary party would raise constitutional difficulties which never arose over German rearmament. The parliamentary party voted for German rearmament (as it has voted on every other issue in my time) not because the conference told it to, but because the convictions of its members ran that way. But if the parliamentary party now voted unilateralist, it would be solely out of obedience to the conference. This would break entirely new constitutional ground. For the first time, the parliamentary party would be overriding the majority of its members in favour of a conference decision. This new precedent would result, among other things, in an immense drop in the status of Labour MPs, and a matchless propaganda gift to the Tories and Liberals. Our enemies could point out quite truthfully for example that over 200 Labour MPs had switched their votes on a vital defence issue in obedience to a decision on which they themselves had not been able to vote, but on which the ETU had.

The German rearmament analogy is false in other ways. For example, left-wing MPs who opposed German rearmament could at least take an active part in the parliamentary party meetings at which decisions on the subject were taken. But if we multilateralists accepted the conference decision, we couldn't vote at party meetings – otherwise we should win. Barbara Castle would be able to vote: the rest of us, the great majority, could merely sit and watch her doing it. This would be to experience a refinement of torture never suffered by opponents of German rearmament.

In her article Barbara Castle quotes – out of context, I am afraid – from a newspaper article of my own. The full quotation is:

> It is absurd to suggest that the same discipline can be imposed on the majority of MPs as used to be imposed on the minority. It is one thing to ask the members of the Parliamentary Labour Party to vote together on the basis of *majority* decisions. To ask them to vote together on the basis of *minority* decisions would be unprecedented, unworkable and absurd.

Surely this is self-evident?

CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW

House of Commons
SW1

'Tiger at the Gates'

ITV Tuesday October 25 at 9-35. One of Granada's International Play Series by Jean Giraudoux, translated by Christopher Fry

GRANADA TV

SIR, – I am an American who attended the Labour Party conference at Scarborough. I should like the hospitality of your correspondence columns for a few relevant comments; but, since it is impossible to predict the passport policy of the new American administration, I must request the privilege of anonymity.

Even to one who has had considerable opportunity to become aware of the bias, both blatant and subtle, of the US press, the behaviour of the British press and television in relation to the Labour Party's defence debate has been shocking. While the most respectable of your newspapers have at least the excuse that they presented an accurate summary of the events in Scarborough on their inside pages (and in tiny type), although presenting on their front pages frankly partisan propaganda, no such mitigating plea is possible for the majority of papers, nor may the BBC offer this excuse.

What principles of honest, independent journalism may the *Daily Herald*, for example, invoke to support its huge GREAT GAITSKELL headline? Not even the *Chicago Tribune's* front-page editorials in support of General MacArthur went this far in degrading the journalistic function to that of a publicity billboard. And by what recondite process did the press unanimously arrive at the conclusion that Mr Gaitskell had won a great victory by means of his speech and the subsequent ovation? If it was the ovation that suggested this conclusion, why was it not said also that Mr Foot was victorious? Was it the singing of 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow'? If so, this is a dreary comment on British political maturity. Perhaps journalists would argue that the Gaitskell victory stories were merely succinct reports of a general mood in the conference. It would be difficult, however, to take such claims seriously, for it was plain to anyone who took the trouble to watch the journalists present that the bulk of them could not possibly have had time enough to conduct a minimally intelligent random sampling of opinion, still less to listen to the subsequent discussions or to the reflections of delegates on the day following the defence debate. In fact, it is not very likely that the reporters talked to anyone but to other reporters and to a few of the opponents of unilateralism.

The BBC was even worse. Its television report on the night of the defence debate was by far the most slanted of any programme of its type that I have seen. Even the Japanese rioters against President Eisenhower got a better break on American television last spring than did the unilateralists on the BBC. The Japanese leftists were at least permitted to speak and were given a reasonable time in which to do so; the unilateralists were edited to the bone – like all skeletons they looked ugly. On American television, leading members of a major party who were called fellow-travellers and linked with Communists were, even in the worst days of McCarthy, given time to reply; the BBC seemed to think it fair enough merely to show faces of opposing debaters and to permit Mr Cousins to talk about Nato after Mr Carron had seemed to claim that his own union was run by Communists.

This seems to me to be a matter apart from the merits of the new Labour defence policy, opposition to which is by no means irrational. The question becomes one of the nature of political communication. This is perhaps a small enough country to make it possible for unapproved causes to be heard regardless of the attitude of the mass media, but when the communication machinery is so completely devoted to creating images of favoured personalities, it is impossible to have meaningful debate.

AMERICAN

SIR, – As a member of the T&GWU, I dissociate myself completely from the behaviour of Mr Frank Cousins at Scarborough. For one thing it is questionable whether any conference of the T&GWU has ever mandated its delegates to reject collective security. Even more important, Mr Cousins knew very well that by rejecting the Labour Party's official policy on defence, conference would then stand diametrically opposed to the views of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Does Mr Cousins think that this state of affairs will add to Labour's influence in the country and in parliament? Or does he expect Labour MPs now to change their minds at his request?

The Parliamentary Labour Party is not a debating society but Her Majesty's Opposition, and our aim should be to make it an increasingly effective opposition: conference has succeeded in doing precisely the opposite. Even suppose all Labour MPs were to turn unilateralist, how much attention do we think the government would pay to them? The fact is that unilateralists cannot apply any constructive criticism to the government's defence policy, for as between programme A and B or weapons X and Y, unilateralists have no views: they want no programme and no weapons. How the Minister of Defence would love such an opposition!

SILVAN JONES, *Chairman*
Conway Constituency Labour Party

SIR, – Having been a NEW STATESMAN reader for the past 17 years I am well used to your getting a bee in your bonnet from time to time; it is one of your most endearing traits. Your latest, the Gaitskell-must-go craze, doesn't surprise me in the least. But don't you think that you are overdoing it a bit in implying that Labour's 'rank and file' want to be rid of Gaitskell too?

The real rank and file consists of people like me – people who have no contact with the crackpots and go-getters of party conferences but who simply want to see a sensible Labour government back in office under the leadership of Gaitskell, the best man for the job. And it is our vote that will be decisive at the next general election. If you, too, really want to see Labour in power again then the sooner you cease to urge on the fanatics and extremists the better.

R. P. BONNETT

65 Warwick Square, SW1

CIVIL DEFENCE FRAUD

SIR, – General Kirkman is trying to obscure the question of fall-out. The plain fact is that past calculations of the doses of radiation received for given amounts of fall-out for the first few days after the explosion have been wrong. The true doses are about double those hitherto accepted, and no amount of verbal juggling should be allowed to obscure this fact. It is all very well for General Kirkman to hope that this will be cancelled out by a considerate enemy using bombs with less fission-yield (i.e. 'cleaner' bombs) than has been assumed, but why should he? You get far more value for money with 'dirty' bombs, in explosive power as well as in fall-out, and I am afraid reality is likely to prove as unkind to this particular civil defence dream as to all the others.

M. C. BERENBAUM

60 Grosvenor Avenue
North Harrow

THE 'OBSERVER' IN TROUBLE

SIR, – I was interested to read the following editorial rebuke in last Sunday's *Observer*: 'The NEW STATESMAN conspicuously failed to print the letter signed by over sixty distinguished intellectuals (all members or supporters of the Labour Party) expressing support for Mr Gaitskell . . . This letter . . . appeared in the *Guardian* and the *Spectator*.'

I was equally interested to read the following editorial rebuke in the current issue of *Films and Filming*: 'Many of the critics attending the [Venice] festival, in their enthusiasm to express their disapproval of the Jury decisions (which they had every right to do!), unfortunately made a number of inaccurate statements of fact . . . A letter from Peter Baker, the British jury representative, seeking to correct misleading statements in the report in *The Observer* was not published. A similar letter to the London *Evening Standard*, part of the Beaverbrook Press, was published.'

ALAN BLYTH

6 Melina Place, NW8

NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

Sir,—'The moment has arrived' said J. B. Priestley in last week's NEW STATESMAN, 'for CND to become a bigger and better and tougher organisation. It will be bigger and better, able to make use of more ambitious ideas for propaganda on a national scale, when it has more money.'

May I appeal to your readers to help in this way. Donations should be sent to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, at 2 Carthusian Street, London, E.C.1

LAURIE KERSHAW
Hon Treasurer

SIR, – I am surprised that no member of the Direct Action body of the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign has challenged the comments of 'Critic' on the latest proposals to inaugurate a nation-wide civil disobedience campaign against the H-bomb. 'Critic' has suggested that here in Great Britain, where we have full democratic powers to influence the course of governmental action, such campaigns cannot be justified.

It is hard to assess how much adverse comments such as these have influenced those concerned with a campaign to bring home their extreme feelings on the ultimate horror of nuclear warfare. It would be a shame indeed if a protest such as is envisaged against a horrifying fate which can overtake us at any minute becomes nullified as a result of a detached and over-sophisticated reaction. If civil disobedience can be justified in countries and in times such as in Gandhi's India, how much more can it be justified in times such as these, and in a country such as this, when our proclaimed intentions of participating in H-bomb warfare might contribute to the disappearance of the western world?

ENCOUNTER

The November issue, just out, includes

John Strachey
THE STRANGLED CRY
Koestler, Orwell and Whittaker Chambers

Simon Raven
BOYS WILL BE BOYS
The Male Prostitute in London

David Riesman
THE UNCOMMITTED GENERATION

Anthony Carson
HOW I DRIFTED TO SOHO

Also: **Frank Kermode** on Evelyn Waugh, **Nigel Dennis** on Theatre, **Virgil Thomson** on Music, **Stephen Spender** on the T.L.S., and **Robert Bolt** and **Bernard Williams.**

* * * * * * *

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ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

This is Broadsheet No. 19 from the City of Steel

"THIS TREMENDOUS CHALLENGE"

—LORD TENBY

Lord Tenby, *who has recently launched a £500,000 Development Appeal on behalf of the University College of Swansea, of which he is President.*

PROJECT: To increase the student population of the University College of Swansea from 1,300 to 3,000

STILL NEEDED: £500,000

Why The Steel Company of Wales believes this undertaking to be of urgent importance not just to itself; not just to industry; but to the country as a whole.

In launching a development appeal for the University College of Swansea, the President of the College, Lord Tenby, has said this:

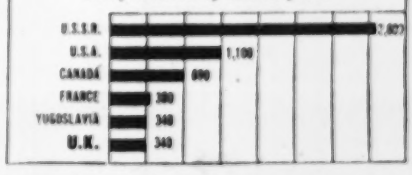
"As year succeeds year, more and more students seek admission to the University; and it is now widely accepted as being in the best interests of the nation that they should do so. The nation's need for large numbers of University trained men and women has never been more urgent than it is today, and for that reason our Universities have been asked to provide the maximum number of extra places as quickly as possible.

"The extent of Swansea's response to this tremendous challenge of our day and age can be gauged by the fact that the College proposes to double its student population in the course of the next eight or nine years. This is a formidable task."

WHY THIS IS OUR CONCERN

The University College of Swansea and The Steel Company of Wales are neighbours; but that is not the only reason why we are supporting their appeal. Lord Tenby has said that the nation's need for graduates is urgent. Just how urgent, the following table will indicate.

Science degrees awarded in 1958 for every million of labour force



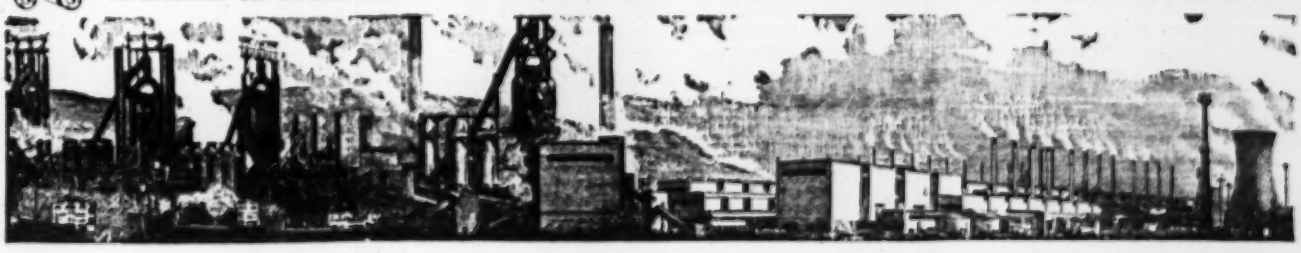
These figures concern us; as they must concern all companies in all industries. For if we are to fulfil our obligations, not only to our shareholders but to the economy of the nation, we need ability: the ability of highly trained men and women, not only from Wales, but from all parts of the United Kingdom and the Commonwealth.

It is therefore, we believe, our responsibility to contribute to the training of these people; and it is for this reason, more than any other, that we are giving £10,000 a year for ten years to the University College of Swansea Development Appeal.

The Treasury has already sanctioned between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000, and more is promised. The College itself must raise at least £500,000. In the words of Lord Tenby, the challenge is tremendous. We therefore appeal both to companies and individuals to give generously to this nationally important fund.

The Appeal Secretary, University College of Swansea, Singleton Park, will be pleased to send you the fullest possible details.

THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LIMITED



The new campaign as proposed by the Direct Action body of the CND would appear to be primarily a spiritual protest against our drive towards self-destruction. But if it develops, despite the cold reaction it has received, it might well succeed in attaining a very important material objective. Thinking on nuclear warfare is mainly confined at present to intellectual and politically-minded circles. The man-in-the-street knows little, and appears to care less, about the consequences of such warfare; and the publicity caused by a campaign based on civil disobedience might well do something to shake his complacency. Extreme action such as this might well cause many to think more deeply on questions of war and peace. An end product, therefore, of such a campaign could well be a public more interested in the necessary task of *not* thinking lightly in terms of war, and a public more concerned with the prospects of absolute oblivion which nuclear war would undoubtedly bring.

MORRIS GERSHLICK

22 Cranley Road
Westcliff-on-Sea
Essex

FACE TO FACE

SIR, – The widespread outcry against methods of interviewing figures prominent in public life seems totally unreasoning. Mr Freeman's article was, as far as it went, an admirable defence of those methods, for the use of which he has been especially singled out for attack.

However, although he hinted at it, he failed to point to his strongest and most obvious line of defence. He says that 'people appear on this programme by their own choice.' Surely this is the crux of the issue? Provided that the bounds of decency are not transgressed, the person being interviewed has voluntarily entered into a compact whereby he is under an obligation to answer those questions which the interviewer cares to ask him. In an extremity he can of course simply refuse to answer, at the risk of being thought evasive.

Wild accusations of 'third degree' and 'brain-washing', which consist in a large degree of compulsion, can hardly be squared with the courteous methods of the BBC. Mr Freeman has handsomely apologised for his one serious lapse of taste, which, as he says, seems on occasion an inevitable result of the concentrated questioning this method requires.

The whole process appears to be an admirable form of public inquiry – one of the best so far devised, for it reaches a much wider audience than ever before, with a potency which the written word can never achieve. The unreasonable antagonism to a programme rich in educational possibilities can, I think, be dispelled quite simply, by remembering the voluntary nature of the whole thing.

Truth is more important than sentiment. The SuperMac myth, which can be seen as a serious constitutional danger, ought to be dispelled. Mr Freeman shows that further justification of his method is easy to find – but it is superfluous. He really needs no apologist when one recalls the voluntary basis of Face to Face.

M. A. P. HARNETT

Trelawny's Cottage
Sompting

SIR, – John Freeman's belated and defensive self-confession, interesting as it was in stripping the wrappings from his public image, left blurred a few vital facts which a curious public is entitled to ask about.

(1) If the BBC is such a circumspect, if potent, medium of communication that its high sense of public duty nips in the bud all potential abuse, how come that what Mr Freeman concedes to be a 'clumsy misunderstanding' during his interview with Gilbert Harding was allowed to reach the unprepared millions *despite the fact that the programme had been recorded*? Thus, as the seventh veil fell and the one-time 'ogre' was exposed in all his nudity as a man with normal, very human susceptibilities, were there no scissors waiting to protect him?

(2) Mr Freeman implies that he has had several disappointments when selected candidates have preferred not to meet him face to face; yet he does not mention that his subjects, when they do submit, usually consider the risk worth a fee. Thus seduced, one supposes that they do not mind emerging with a somewhat peeled image.

Nobody should quarrel with the sense of public duty which compelled Mr Freeman to give Mr Foulkes the works, at his own request. But really, to suggest that our rulers and entertainers walk around in such patent insincerity that Mr Freeman, full of the zeal of Caxton, has to sit them before the Unwinking Eye in order that the myth can publicly be separated from the man – this surprises even those endeared to the three-quarter-rear view of his inquiring head and shoulders. Come off it, Mr Freeman. You are a journalist, sometimes a very good one, not a striptease promoter, and you must accept both the perils and the morals of journalism.

CLIVE IRVING

17 Oakfield Gardens, SE19

GIBBON AND STRACHEY

SIR, – I read in today's NEW STATESMAN, in an article by Richard Mayne, this. 'Those who couple Gibbon with Lytton Strachey, as Dr Leavis has done, presumably cannot abide the apparent smugness expressed as much in Gibbon's irony as in what Coleridge called his "detestable" style'. Mr Mayne might have spared himself his conjectures at my reasons for the coupling, since I have never made it – or countenanced it. The only passage I can think of in which I have brought together the two names is this, which occurs in an essay, 'The Irony of Swift', that can be found in *The Common Pursuit*:

> Gibbon as a historian of Christianity had, we know, limitations; but the positive standards by reference to which his irony works represent something impressively realised in 18th century civilisation; impressively 'there' too in the grandiose, assured and ordered elegance of his history. (When, on the other hand, Lytton Strachey, with a Gibbonian period or phrase or word, a 'remarkable', 'oddly', or 'curious', assures us that he feels an amused superiority to these Victorian puppets, he succeeds only in conveying his personal conviction that he feels amused and superior.)

My clear enough intention here, Mr Mayne will agree, is the antithesis of that which he imputes to me with his 'couple', and anything I have been heard to say (let him be assured if he is supposing some spoken utterance that might justify him) will most certainly have been an insistence on *contrast* – the contrast between the significant impressiveness of Gibbon's prose and irony, and the cheapness and vulgarity of those which have nothing behind them but the 'civilisation' of Clive Bell and Bloomsbury.

F. R. LEAVIS

Downing College
Cambridge

MUSEUM MANDARINS

SIR, – I am alarmed at the implication conveyed by one of Mr Berger's remarks, in his otherwise admirable article 'Museum Mandarins', about his project for a demonstration of good and bad art examples. Such an absolutist attitude can do no more than foster museum mandarins.

Imagine the critic Ruskin letting himself go on McNeill Whistler. We remember the famous phrase, 'Whistler flung a pot of paint into the face of the public.' To Ruskin, Whistler symbolised all that was bad in art. We also wonder what would have happened if such a procedure had been adopted with prevailing standards of taste in the case of works of Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Manet, Renoir, Rodin and Epstein. We could easily increase this list, but I think these examples will illustrate my fear of art critics being shrouded in absolutism.

I do not think this is Mr Berger's idea, but I think there is a danger, not of actual dictatorship, but of making matters worse than they are now. Might it not be that such a procedure would make it even more difficult for the revolutionary creative artist to be able to present his theories in face of the accepted dogmas. There are already so many conflicting ideas propounded as absolute by the various schools of art criticism that mightn't we find ourselves finally with the battle of the museums? Of course this might help to keep them alive, but what of the artists?

LAURENCE BRADSHAW

22 Warwick Road
SW5

OUT OF TUNE

SIR, – I am confronted with the problem of a person who, while deriving great enjoyment from listening to music and therefore evidently being able to distinguish notes one from another, seems quite unable to produce even an approximation of a note previously heard. I am curious to know whether this deficiency is merely due to a lack of training or whether it results from some irremediable fault of musical perception.

I would greatly appreciate comments from any readers who may have had experience with this kind of problem.

ANNE RICHEMONT

66 Muswell Hill Road
N10

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E. A. ROBERTS

The Sudan pulls ahead

The present irrigation dam at Sennar will soon have a very different look, when the new power house is built to supply electricity to the Sudan's new factories.

THE GREAT PROMISE OF ENERGY FROM THE NILE

THINGS are moving fast in the Sudan. With the peaceful revolution of 1958, General Abboud's government made careful and far-reaching plans and put them in order of priority. Now the first of these aims – to restore stability in the economy – is achieved, and confidence in the future of the Sudan is attracting capital from abroad.

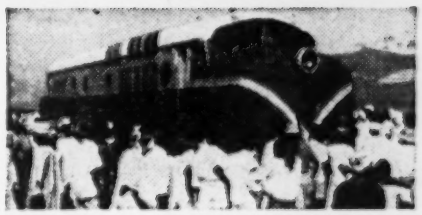
Apart from this general aim, development plans centre on cotton, power and the railways. The Sudan depends on cotton for more than 60% of her exports, so until industry becomes more diverse (an avowed government aim) the cotton industry is being boosted at all stages – irrigation schemes, ginning factories, textile mills.

But all industry needs electrical power, and for this the Sudan turns to her great double artery, the Nile. The Sennar Dam on the Blue Nile is the first of a number of schemes planned for two vital functions: to provide abundant electricity for a wide range of industries and also water for irrigation.

English Electric in the Sudan. In all these new endeavours The English Electric Company is proud to be serving the Sudan. The company is part of an international consortium responsible for turbines for the Sennar Dam project, for transmission lines between Sennar and Khartoum, and for extensions to the Burri steam power station, which form part of the £4¼ million scheme.

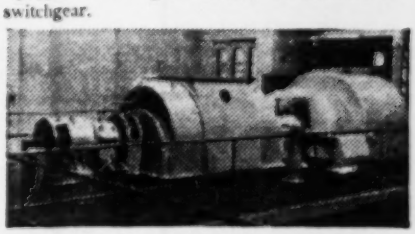
An even bigger scheme will start operating next year: English Electric has joined two other British companies in equipping a £6 million textile mill which will produce 75 million yards of cloth a year—largely for the expanding internal market. The company has equipped other industrial undertakings and public buildings—the first English Electric diesel was installed as long ago as 1925! And the Sudan Railways extension programme includes fifteen diesel-electric locomotives, the first of which recently had an enthusiastic reception from the citizens of Khartoum.

In every aspect of power engineering—for *generating*, *distributing* and *using* electrical energy—English Electric is at work. And while English Electric gains in the Sudan further valuable experience which it can use for work in other countries and at home, the Sudan knows she can rely on the specialized knowledge and technical resources which lie behind every contract with English Electric.



The first of 15 English Electric 1,850-h.p. diesel-electric locomotives arrives at Khartoum. English Electric first supplied locomotives to the Sudan in 1936 and a further order followed in 1950. All these are still in service today.

The Civil Airport Building in Khartoum, like many public buildings in the Sudan (e.g. the Republican Palace, Ministry of Finance, Radio Omdurman), is equipped with English Electric transformers and switchgear.



In the Burri power station, English Electric has installed diesel-generator plant totalling 12,565 kW and two turbo-alternator sets generating 5,000 kW, like the one shown. One 10,000 kW set was recently commissioned and a second is on order.

POWER FOR PEACE

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

The English Electric Company Limited, Marconi House, Strand, London W.C.2

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Case for Curzon

PAUL JOHNSON

For more than a generation, Lord Beaverbrook has been seeking to establish, as definitive history, his version of men and events in the years 1914-1925. With this object he has painstakingly cornered a huge slice of the documents, published, and republished, his own notes and jottings, and promoted a succession of biographical studies to give his personal orthodoxy the depth of a multiple vision. Not since the great days of the Whig school has there been such a persistent and successful effort in historical brainwashing. In general, it appears to me that the Beaverbrook version is sound, but there are some deplorable lapses in objectivity, notably the consistent denigration of Lord Curzon. This has now culminated in a hostile biography*, based on the Curzon papers which Beaverbrook holds, and written by the film critic of the *Daily Express*. The author has not so much sought to attack Curzon's public life as to ignore it completely, except where it supplies ludicrous incidents to highlight his relentless exposure of Curzon's private failings and unhappiness.

True, the critical biography is a feature of our age; and based as it is on personal revelations which official biographers usually choose to ignore, it often serves a purpose in explaining historical mysteries. When carried out with discipline, as in Sir Philip Magnus's *Kitchener*, it can make a permanent contribution to knowledge. Even the exposure of Lloyd George's private life, recently published by his son,† might be defended on the grounds that it helps to explain – by revealing the magnitude of Lloyd George's sexual promiscuity – the curious collapse in his public energy after his downfall in 1922 and his tragic failure to make a political come-back. This new biography of Curzon, however, has the opposite effect: it darkens the screen of history. By portraying Curzon as a pathetic buffoon, and by virtually ignoring his achievements, it turns his remarkable career into a complete mystery. Why, the innocent reader may ask on finishing the book, can anyone ever have been taken in by this man? Why did his contemporaries regard him as a great (if limited) minister? Why did they want him in their cabinets; and why did the majority of them expect him to become premier?

It is possible, of course, to present him as a horror. He was a compulsive letter-writer and autobiographer, baring his heart with almost Boswellian abandon. From the mass of documents he left behind him, it is easy to select the ammunition of ridicule. He was absurdly vain, often sly. He was mean about money, treated his servants scandalously, bullied his subordinates and even tried to diddle his daughters out of their inheritance. He was often cowardly, occasionally disloyal and put too high a value on titles. He held displeasing views on women, Indians and the working-class (I notice, though, that Mr Mosley does not quote his famous remark, on seeing soldiers bathing: 'I always thought the lower classes were covered in thick black hair'; nor his sartorial maxim: 'Gentlemen never wear brown').

On the other hand, even at a personal level, one can make out a strong case for him. He loved to amuse, to give pleasure. Margot Asquith records the enormous trouble he took to entertain his guests; even late in life, as a sick man, he exerted himself to make the younger generation laugh. An acquaintance in affliction could always be sure of a consoling letter from him (Sir Henry Wilson, who narrowly escaped death in a yachting accident, noted grimly that Curzon was the only politician who wrote to congratulate him on his escape). He treated his first wife as a piece of property: but he loved her and made her a happy woman. With his second wife, who seems to have treated him coldly, he exercised extraordinary patience. Mean in small things, he spent lavishly on preserving the past.

But of course the debate should not be conducted on this level. Curzon was the most consciously public man of recent times; he seldom thought of his life in any other terms, and it is primarily on his political accomplishments that he must be judged. Two points are worth emphasising if we are to understand the man. Curzon had an overriding sense of duty. Born into the ruling class, gifted with unusual abilities, he genuinely believed he had an imperative obligation to devote himself to the service of the nation; this explains why, even in the face of personal humiliation, he clung to office, for resignation was to him an egotistical dereliction of duty. Secondly, he took his responsibilities very seriously indeed and prepared himself rigorously to discharge them. Not since Gladstone had any public man worked so hard at the sheer thankless task of acquiring knowledge. He travelled the world with this end in view, wrote copious notes, pored over books and reports in solitary study. Unlike the vast majority of politicians, he believed facts were paramount. To him, the source of political wisdom was not a knowledge of human nature, but the British Museum, 'that haven of Elysian study and intellectual delight'. 'I can still hear', he wrote, 'the tinkle of the great arc light as it was lit towards evening in the centre of the big glass dome of the Reading Room.' Coming from a man who was welcome in every house in Mayfair, such discipline, enhanced by an emotional respect for discovered truth, is not only admirable but moving.

But, it may be argued, this pedantry merely added a further touch of ridicule, made Curzon into another Plantagenet Palliser, seeking to cut human beings to the pattern of Blue Books. This, certainly, is the impression Mr Mosley seems to convey. But it is not borne out by the facts. Curzon was regarded as a difficult colleague in cabinet, but a valuable one nonetheless. 'Why Curzon?' asked Lord Riddell. Lloyd George replied: 'He has travelled a lot. He has read a lot. He is full of knowledge which none of us possesses. He is useful in council'. Leopold Amery, a sharp-eyed participant in the various cabinet committees which won the war, makes the same point again and again in his memoirs. Though by no means an unqualified admirer of Curzon (he was instrumental in depriving him of the premiership, though not in the malignant manner Mr Mosley suggests), Amery recognised him as the type of man essential to professional government. He refers repeatedly to his 'able steering', to his 'unwearying industry, vast knowledge and power of draughtmanship'.

Indeed, despite his astonishing ignorance of people, Curzon's judgment was vindicated by events surprisingly often. His Indian reforms – which Mr Mosley treats with cavalier brevity – were generally sensible and just. A highly unsympathetic critic, H. W. Nevinson, wrote: 'He has proved himself efficient in every department – education, irrigation, commerce, land-assessment, the control of plague and famine and the preservation of Indian arts'. As Viceroy, too, he pushed through the Kuwait treaty, now responsible for the biggest single contribution to Sterling Area reserves; and he capped this, 20 years later, by negotiations ensuring that the great Iraqi oil fields would remain in the British orbit.

His notorious 'surrender' over the House of Lords in the 1910 crisis has drawn scornful charges of 'ratting' both at the time and since (Mr Mosley inevitably, and heavily, falls into the trap of comparing him to Halifax the Trimmer); but in fact he acted in the empirical spirit of Peel. As Sir Robert Ensor puts it: 'The situation might well have drifted to catastrophe if a younger man had not stepped in and retrieved it. This was Lord Curzon.' During the war he probably contributed more towards victory than any other politician, except Lloyd George and Milner. As Foreign Secretary, he was handicapped by his dithering incapacity to prevent Lloyd George from meddling; but again – when he was allowed to make them – his decisions were sound, and under Bonar Law he successfully cleared up the mess Lloyd George had left in the Near East. Indeed, his three-month contest with Ismet Pasha at Lausanne was a *tour de force* of professional diplomatic skill.

It is true that Curzon outlived his time, but not in the sense that Mr Mosley understands it. He did not represent the aristo-

* *Curzon: the End of an Epoch*. By LEONARD MOSLEY. *Longmans*. 30*s*.

† *Lloyd George*. By EARL LLOYD GEORGE OF DWYFOR. *Muller*. 21*s*.

cratic conspiracy to rule (his family were traditionally interested in theology rather than affairs): here, Balfour and Derby were far more typical figures. He believed, rather, in a meritocracy selected, indeed, from the wellborn but exercising power by virtue of industry and brains. He was not a Duke of Omnium but a Coningsby. His obsolescence springs from the fact that he was a militant imperialist in an age when the empire was first beginning to contract. He was a Tory who could intone with real conviction, 'Wider still and wider, Shall thy bounds be set', and in India he tried to put this gospel into practice, to the dismay of Salisbury and Balfour. Here we have the key to his ultimate failure. At the dead centre of gravity of the Tory Party lies the unspoken desire for a quiet life. Now Curzon was incapable of quietude; his energy required continual challenge, grist for his midnight mills. He thought big, and carried with him a whiff of grandiose risk. Hence, when the moment came, the king-makers in the party preferred the safe Baldwin.

Curzon was a good loser; his sharp tears were soon dried, and he hastened to congratulate his opponent. He lumbered on in office, among lesser men, because he believed it his duty and because, despite his egotism, he automatically assumed that the nation came before the individual. While Lloyd George sported with his harem, the old Proconsul, strapped in his steel corset, often in great pain, sneered at by the raffish Birkenhead, a regular joke at dinner parties financed by war profits, toiled into the small hours over his cabinet papers. He had not all the equipment of a statesman; but what he had he gave, and the giving killed him. Amery assesses him in a happy sentence: 'Whatever his minor defects and oddities, Curzon was a generous soul and a great public servant'. Much credit he has got for it, poor man, and we can only hope that some day his papers will be examined by a more magnanimous eye and fashioned into the truthful monument his punctilious nature would have respected.

Incendiary

That one small boy with a face like pallid cheese
And burnt-out little eyes could make a blaze
As brazen, fierce and huge, as red and gold
And zany yellow as the one that spoiled
Three thousand guineas worth of property
And crops at Godwin's Farm on Saturday
Is frightening, as fact and metaphor:
An ordinary match intended for
The lighting of a pipe or kitchen fire
Misused may set a whole menagerie
Of flame-fanged tigers roaring hungrily.
And frightening, too, that one small boy should set
The sky on fire and choke the stars to heat
Such skinny limbs and such a little heart
Which would have been content with one warm kiss,
Had there been anyone to offer this.

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Spring and summer saw the publication of these outstanding books: *Alan Bullock's* Ernest Bevin, *J. B. Priestley's* Literature and Western Man, *Randolph S. Churchill's* Lord Derby, *Arthur Schlesinger* Jr's Coming of the New Deal, *Hesketh Pearson's* Charles II, *Manvell's and Fraenkel's* Goebbels, *John Lodwick's* The Asparagus Trench, *Anthony Powell's* Casanova's Chinese Restaurant, *Nevil Shute's* Trustee from the Toolroom, *Olivia Manning's* The Great Fortune . . . **and now for Autumn . . .**

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Photo. of Noel Coward by Dorothy Wilding

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CHATTO & WINDUS

Economics in Isolation

The Liberal Hour. By J. K. GALBRAITH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18s.

What a relief it is to find one professional economist who embellishes even his most ephemeral essays with humour, urbanity and wit. No one can pretend that *The Liberal Hour* is the successor to *The Affluent Society* for which we had hoped. But even the gleanings of Galbraith are better than a full harvest from most of his confrères. Moreover, one or two of these reprints of occasional lectures and articles do give an important indication of how his thought is developing.

Galbraith himself would now hardly deny that the remedies he proposed in *The Affluent Society* signally failed to match up to his diagnosis. Having demonstrated that inflation and a chronic unbalance between public squalor and private affluence are two diseases endemic in any free economy that maintains a high level of employment, he airily suggested that this inherent contradiction could be resolved by any strong-minded and progressive government prepared to adopt the right controls and the right fiscal policies – including a sales tax. In *The Liberal Hour* he returns more than once, and with ever increasing unease, to the same theme; and, as if convinced at last that his first cure was inadequate, comes up with two new and suprisingly drastic remedies. His chapter 'Inflation: What It Takes' is characteristic of this new, more radical mood. First, in a few pages, he analyses the problem with the sardonic lucidity of which only he is capable. Then, when we are dazzled by his brilliance, he coolly tells us that the way to control inflation is through State intervention. In semi-monopolies such as steel, where wages and prices are both regularly increased without any comparable increase of productivity, the State should step in and regulate both. This, from someone who turns down the extension of public ownership to the great monopolies as politically impractical and an inroad on freedom, is a little breathtaking!

His attitude to defence spending seems to me equally Utopian. Having rightly asserted that the USA is not economically dependent on arms orders, he is faced with the problem of what should replace defence spending if peace broke out. Here is his reply:

> We could not make this transition without careful planning. . . . We should map out – carefully and in detail – the course of action to be followed in the event of reduced arms spending. The existence of a clearly specified alternative to arms expenditures would show that we are not bound to this dismal industry.

Of course it would. But the real question is whether the government of a western Affluent Society which is now carrying a vast defence budget *can* spend the same amount on 'a clearly specified alternative'. Surely all the evidence suggests that, whereas our present arms expenditure of £1,500 million a year is acceptable to the City and the bankers, a decision, even by a Tory Government, to cancel the arms budget and spend the same amount on hospitals, pensions and colonial aid would shatter confidence not only in the Government but in the pound.

Of course I am not suggesting that Galbraith's remedies are economically unsound. Yet they seem to me irrelevant, because they are abstracted from political reality. If politics is the art of the possible, they are just not politics. Indeed, these essays only confirm my impression that, despite the revolutionary implications of his analysis, Galbraith remains, in the strictest sense of the words, a liberal economist; and the title of this little book is aptly chosen to explain how a man who is so rigorous and extreme in theory yet manages to remain the confidant of successive Democratic candidates. Like his predecessors, Hobson and Keynes, the two most subversive thinkers of our century, Galbraith shields himself from the logic of ideas by studying economics in isolation from politics and power. 'It is sufficient for me to master one discipline,' he seems to tell us. 'I leave it to other academic revolutionaries to subject our political institutions to the kind of devastating analysis I have applied to the economic institutions of the Affluent Society.'

The result of this uncritical attitude is an astonishing naivety of political analysis. The very man who has exposed the nature of oligopoly in the modern economy remains blind to the role of even more formidable concentrations of power in democratic politics. In the Galbraithian philosophy, the pursuit of happiness is still regarded as the main motive of western democracy. That the pursuit of power as an end in itself has become the dominant force in the twentieth-century State is a concept too unorthodox and too vulgar for him to take very seriously. Like Keynes, and for the same reason, he writes of Marxism and other ideologies as superstitions, too silly to discuss seriously, and dismisses as unreal those factors in the situation which cannot be resolved into their economic components. It was the role of Hobson, while detesting Communism, to provide Lenin with the ideas which could be vulgarised into a revolutionary myth that destroyed the whole system of colonial imperialism. It may well be that Galbraith has already performed a similar historical role by providing the prolegomena to any modern socialist theory of capitalism, while remaining, in his political attitudes, staunchly anti-socialist. How often in history it is the bastard ideas, whose paternity the author firmly denies, that shake the world.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Makers of Nigeria

Lugard, The Years of Authority, 1898-1945. By MARGERY PERHAM. *Collins.* 50s.

Sir George Goldie and the Making of Nigeria. By JOHN E. FLINT. *Oxford.* 30s.

Awo: the Autobiography of Chief Obafemi Awolowo. *Cambridge.* 25s.

There is no lack of candidates for the title 'maker of modern Nigeria'. Lugard is so described on the jacket of this, the second and last, volume of Miss Perham's great biography. Goldie's tombstone in Brompton cemetery bears the inscription 'the founder of Nigeria'. Chief Awolowo has no false modesty about the value of his own contribution. (Dr Azikiwe, who does not appear in this collection, has strong claims too.) What is interesting about these three men is the extent to which they resemble one another – the British bourgeois of the period of empire-building and the Nigerian bourgeois of the period of independent-state-making – Lugard and Awolowo especially. Both admirable examples of the Protestant virtues: strong family men; austere and economical in their habits; thorough-going individualists, intolerant of opposition; guided by a few clear, unquestioned principles.

I do not hesitate to confess that I owe my success in life to three factors: the Grace of God, a spartan self-discipline, and a good wife.

This is Awolowo. But the sentiment might almost as well have been Lugard's, except that he – like Awolowo at an earlier period – exchanged his Christian faith for a purely ethical creed. Goldie, it is true, deviated somewhat from these Protestant norms. He was an atheist; lived for three years, as a young man, with an Arab girl in a 'Garden of Allah' in the Egyptian Sudan; 'not a faithful husband'.

Autobiographies of African political leaders are still rare enough to be exciting. Chief Awolowo's book has, unfortunately, little fresh to say about the Action Group, the party which he founded in 1951 and still leads. But on the subject of his personal history he is extremely interesting. Born at Ikenne, in the Yoruba state of Ijebu-Remo, he came – like Lugard – of a good family. His great-great-grandfather on his father's side held the chiefly titles of Oluwo (next in rank to the Oba) and Losi, while his mother's father 'held the military title of Are (Generalissimo) at the early age of about forty-three'. His father was one of the first Christian converts in Ikenne, a successful farmer and timber merchant, who 'always had a bath after the day's work'. He was passionately anxious that his son should have a good education and become a Lagos clerk. But he died of smallpox relatively young; and the family property all went, according to custom, to the paternal uncles, aunts, and cousins.

Thus Obafemi was thrown on the world at the age of 11; migrated to Abeokuta, the Egba capital, a year later; and spent the next six years living from hand to mouth, moving from school to school and from master to master, selling firewood, elephant grass, and 'water at a farthing a gallon to leisurely wives of civil servants and mercantile clerks', to earn the necessary school fees. Thereafter he won a place at Wesley College, but after a year of training decided that the life of a certificated teacher, on £3 6s. 8d. per month, was inferior to that of the 'rare breed of men who were then known as "shorthand typists": they were said to be exceptionally fearless and could look any white man in the face'. So Obafemi turned himself into one of these – at a bad moment on account of the slump; took correspondence courses in English, Commercial Knowledge, Book-keeping, and Business Methods; read 'Shakespeare, Dickens, R. L. Stevenson, Emerson, Lord Avebury, Sir Walter Scott, Hazlitt, Elbert Hubbard', as well as two manuals – *The Human Machine* and *It's Up To You* – which helped him to evolve his philosophy of life: 'The *sine qua non* for anyone who wants to get to the top . . . is to increase his size and weight in his particular calling – that is mentally, professionally, morally, and spiritually'. This he proceeded to do. After a difficult period as a free-lance journalist, unsuccessful company promoter, and contractor selling yams to army units, he battled his way – partly on savings and partly on expectations – to London, where he took his LLB and Bar Finals in two years, writing his first book, *Path to Nigerian Freedom*, in his spare time. Back in Nigeria, for the next five years he earned an average of £4,300 a year as a barrister; and by 1951, at the age of 42, he was ready – having completed his private ten-year plan one year ahead of schedule – to transform himself into a full-time politician and first Prime Minister of the Western Region of Nigeria.

Against the background of this terrific success story Chief Awolowo's political standpoint becomes clearer. Essentially he is a

STEVENS

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moderate conservative, entirely happy with Sir Winston Churchill's definition of democracy. Partly, no doubt, this conservatism is associated with membership of an elite – traditional title-holders who became Christian converts – in a society in which status matters. But it seems, even more, to have been derived from his own experience – reinforced by his reading: (note that Chief Awolowo was reading Emerson and *It's Up To You* at a time when Kwame Nkrumah was reading Lenin and Marcus Garvey). Hence his nationalism is a conservative kind of nationalism. What is wrong with the colonial system is that it imposes a set of top people who are not particularly good. He has a conservative's interest in the realities of political power, and shares the conservative view that it is largely by their effectiveness as providers of 'welfare' that the governors gain, or keep, the confidence of the governed. There would not, I think, be a profound difference between Chief Awolowo's model Nigeria and Lugard's – except, of course, that one is governed by Nigerians.

Even after one has read Dr Flint's admirable biography, Sir George Goldie remains a somewhat indistinct figure in Nigerian history. No doubt this is partly due to Goldie's passion for obscurity, which led him to burn all his papers, and threaten to haunt any of his children who assisted would-be biographers. But it is connected also with Dr Flint's method, which involves tracing – on the basis of all the State and private papers available – the history of Goldie's Company, known after 1886 as the Royal Niger Company, Chartered and Limited, in the context of British diplomatic and commercial history on the one hand and West African history on the other. Thus Goldie becomes absorbed, almost without remainder, in the history of the institution which he created. As a study of a major episode in that phase of British imperial expansion when successive governments were prepared to use commercial-political companies to stake out claims over a vast area of Africa, provided this could be done with the minimum of fuss and expense, Dr Flint's book seems to me pretty nearly flawless.

Coming to *Lugard* after *Goldie*, I was all the more impressed by Miss Perham's technique. This is biography in the grand style – vast, leisurely, packed with detail – in the construction of which Miss Perham has combined the arts of a nineteenth-century novelist and a twentieth-century scholar. If one says that she writes like Jane Austen, this is not altogether true. But it is certainly her novelist's skill that enables her to handle motives and states of mind with such competence: to ask constantly – how did this problem present itself to our hero in this situation at this time? The fact that this volume is so largely concerned with Lugard's Nigerian service means that Miss Perham is moving here in a region and period with which she is entirely at home. Each individual comes alive. Naturally, some of Miss Perham's presuppositions bother me: in general, she seems to me too kind to the Establishment, lacking in sympathy towards Muslims. And whether Lugard was a great enough man to deserve so great a biography I am still unsure. But this is not a question which need, or can, be answered. Lugard, who had read Horace and liked to quote Latin occasionally, said once that he was troubled to think of all those chaps who lived before Agamemnon who remained unwept because they lacked an inspired poet to praise them. As regards his own fate he can have no complaints.

THOMAS HODGKIN

Shall Man Endure?

The Tragic Sense in Shakespeare. By JOHN LAWLOR. *Chatto & Windus*. 18*s*.

Shakespeare has condemned the world to the everlasting torment of explaining his masterpieces. The subtle interpretations of one age become the objects of disdain in the next. Mr Lawlor, in his serious and thoughtful book, refers to the 'disasters of late nineteenth-century criticism,' by which he means, I suppose, Dowden, Bradley, and their tribe. He himself speaks, a little self-consciously, with the voice of mid-twentieth-century sensibility. He allies himself with those who believe that we should 'attend to the Shakespearian play as to a poem,' and that 'correspondence with "reality" may be better achieved through myth and symbol than through unwavering adherence to "deeds and language such as men do use".' Like good Shakespeare critics in every generation, he has the faith that we are at the present time in an especially favourable position for understanding and appreciating Shakespeare at his true worth: in a post-Freudian world we are more willing to accept the irrational; and 'there is a general recognition that a non-naturalistic art is capable of reaching us at deeper levels than are accessible to cause-effect representation'.

Mr Lawlor devotes the greater part of his book to the four tragedies of Bradley's classic study, but his first chapter is about the 'tetralogy' *Richard II-Henry IV-Henry V*. This is the right approach, for, when Shakespeare came to his great tragedies, the experience of writing plays on English history was more important than his memories of *Titus Andronicus* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The relationship of Falstaff and Prince Hal is the starting-point for a discussion of 'appearance' and 'reality,' one of the main themes of the book. The world of appearance is largely the world of illusions, which we nourish by wishful thinking. But 'reality' is not susceptible to our hopes, intentions, and beliefs. The rejection of Falstaff by the King is a parable of the intrusion of reality upon the incurably illuded man. This, according to Mr Lawlor, is the basis of Shakespeare's tragic sense, which is then further analysed in the following chapters. In *Hamlet*, we ask: Is man more an agent or a patient? In *Othello*, we learn that chance is part of 'reality'; this play, not only *Romeo and Juliet*, is shown to be fundamentally a tragedy of Fortune.

The 'decisive tone and emphasis' of Shakespeare's imagination is, therefore, the opposite of Shelley's 'hope till hope creates From its own wreck the thing it contemplates' Mr Lawlor gets very near, in my reading of his book, to proving that Shakespeare is, philosophically speaking, a pessimist, and he is hard put to it to bring him back into the orthodox fold He tells us that *Hamlet* is not about the duty of revenge according to Elizabethan conventions, but about the question 'Shall man endure this hostile universe?' Lear repents; but his repentance, so far as 'reality' is concerned, is ineffectual, and he dies still the victim of illusion for he thinks that Cordelia is alive after all. Mr Lawlor's reconsideration of 'poetical justice' in Shakespeare is the climax and the best part of the book.

Mr Lawlor has several passing references to Shakespeare as a 'working dramatist' or

a 'practising playwright,' and he reminds us that 'we are dealing with a play, something to be bodied forth on the stage before an audience, not a dramatic poem designed for the unrestrained compass of the individual reader's imagination'. He does not, however, much take this into account – with one striking exception, a brilliant explanation of Macbeth's soliloquy, 'Tomorrow and tomorrow'. The intellectual refinement of his book would be more acceptable if he were more often willing to show how his interpretations could have been communicated in the theatrical environment for which the plays were written, and not only distilled as a philosophy from the text.

TERENCE SPENCER

New Novels

The Bribe. By NINO PALUMBO. Translated by ISABEL QUIGLY. *Harvill.* 16s.

The Brothers M. By TOM STACEY. *Secker & Warburg.* 25s.

The Foxglove Saga. By AUBERON WAUGH. *Chapman & Hall.* 15s.

Brother James. By HENRY ELLISON. *New Authors.* 16s.

Almost the only good thing about the Redbrick Tantrum was the attention it drew to the poor old lower-middle with its clean-collared, agonised vulnerability. Apart from Orwell (who, though often thought of as grubbing about under Wigan Pier with a lot of proles, was really much more concerned with the lower middle class) and the earlier Wells-Bennett-Gissing group, it has been much neglected in English fiction. Both the French and the Russians come out rather better over this, I think. And now – rather surprisingly since images of Italian urban life seem to polarise in the mind around the two extremes of the lush Montesi strata and the Neapolitan *scugnizzi* – here is an Italian coming up with *The Bribe*, a most sad, moving, humbling little masterpiece about a clerk in the Income Tax office of a North Italian town. He has worked for 20 years for near-starvation wages. He has an ulcer, a wife and four children, one in hospital, all undernourished; and innumerable, pricking worries. The shifts, strains, pathetic desperations of this kind of living arouse a scalding, loving anger that such things should be. Beautifully translated, the author's style is perfect for its subject; plain, strong, simple, never boring.

To Tranifilo, the clerk, comes temptation (in the form of a wily, go-between lawyer) to 'arrange' things for an old, wealthy tax-dodger. Tranifilo struggles. He is small, small. All he has of value is the honesty he has so far kept unstained – and his irritable, tender care for his family. We watch as life in a corrupt society, the system, the betraying logic of his need, force him to sacrifice the one for the other while never sparing him the feelings of shamed, tragic outrage which follow his every attempt to murder the moral sense. And in the end, of course, he is found out. Tranifilo and his wife 'are people who are not made for these things'.

We all have our dreams. Mine is the wistful hope that someone, some day, will start a Down-with-youth movement. *The Brothers M* is concerned with two young men, Daudi from Central Africa and Bob, a Canadian, who become friends at Balliol. All through the novel but particularly in the Oxford section runs a solemn belief in the profound importance of young men's pronouncements. This is a fashionable dementia to which I refuse to subscribe. Mr Stacey gives us long, long undergraduate discussions invoking lots of names, judgments, grave summings-up on the state of the world till one wants to mutter irritably: 'But how the devil do they *know*?' A few bludgeonings from circumstance, a couple of neuroses and the electricity bill *might* give them some authority to speak on Life.'

Daudi goes back home after a tenuous affair with a simple, pale, English girl. Bob joins him and together they set off on a difficult and dangerous journey to the Bakonjo people in search of a twin sister of Daudi's dead mother who came from that remote tribe. As their journey proceeds sanity, loyalty, friendship, under the bizarre experience of Africa, begin to crack (all this is very well done indeed) until Bob who had been genuinely and completely unconscious of colour at the begining is hurling the word 'black' at Daudi just before the tragic end.

Mr Stacey undoubtedly has great talent. He organises his material splendidly and maintains the same high level right through this very long book. Some of the African scenes, beautiful and terrible, are marvellously visualised. Yet this novel does not satisfy; mainly, I imagine, from a failure of preconception. The author seems to believe one can write a novel if one *thinks* hard enough. He sits dead centre to his subject, squares off his canvas and fills in each space with earnest, concentrated *matter*. It is *all* dead centre and some of it, in the end, deadweight. If only he would shut his eyes occationally, relax into reverie, catch intimation, rather than thought, by its oblique wing! Perhaps because I do not believe it necessary to put man against a background of extremes in Nature in order to discover new truths about him (surely the everyday is jungle enough?), I have been less than fair to *The Brothers M*. Let me say therefore that, conversations of monumental solemnity apart, this book is a very considerable achievement.

Youth again. Ideally I suppose we should leave Famous Dads out of any consideration of *The Foxglove Saga*, but Waugh *fils* has pinched so much furniture from the old, ancestral pile that this is impossible. The heirlooms, incidentally, go quite well with some of that 'contempry' stuff from Spark & Sinclair Ltd. Priggish, handsome Martin Foxglove is at Cleeve, a Roman Catholic school. His best friend is Stoat, ugly and graceless. Another associate is O'Connor, would-be poet. The beautiful Lady Foxglove floats about doing exquisitely poisonous good deeds. The boys grow up, Stoat finds work with a thieving spiv, Foxglove and O'Connor join a regiment called the Pigs. There is not so much a plot as happenings; blindingly clever, comic-horrible scenes with monks, nurses, soldiers, babies (monstrous), in schools, hospitals, mental homes, military institutions. Dad's world but much, much sicker. A lonely outsider here, I must confess that I have tried unsuccessfully for years to find Waugh E. amusing. Waugh A. might be grislier than Dad (*everything* ends in horror) but he's much funnier. My chief objection to the 'upper-class heartless' genre, however, is the somehow insulting assumption that 'invention' is the most important thing in fiction; an idea which needs money behind it. It is, I imagine, on his inventiveness that Waugh A. most prides himself. But his inventions dance and coruscate with their black glitter around an ungrown heart. They are, essentially, the flippant, upper-class substitute for feeling.

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

A Plague on Both Houses?

IT IS EASY to get impatient with Parliament. Its rules are antiquated, its recesses unconscionably long. It devotes great tracts of time to trivialities, while issues one burns about personally never get debated at all. Individual members can be extraordinarily silly, Ministers maddeningly evasive. And it is easy to demonstrate persuasively that real power has long deserted it.

And yet . . . and yet it remains one of the most interesting places in the world. History *is* made there. Its rules are framed for conducting the nation's business *fairly*. Reports that make out Parliament to be dull or trivial are not good reports.

"A London Diary" (The Observer's rather detached title for its closely engaged political column) exemplifies uniquely the fascination of Parliament. It wields the insider's key to Westminster, the knowledge that is not common knowledge, the ability to detect motives and pressures and point their influence upon what is said, or left unsaid. Now that Parliament has reassembled, this column will be one of The Observer features that I shall turn to first. Nor shall I be exactly alone. . .

This London Diary comments as much as it reports, assesses personalities, dares to prognosticate. Sometimes it is even wrong. That is to the point. Only fools and wise men are willing to commit themselves—but fools are not read and quoted (with or without approval) by newspapers, politicians and other public utterers all round the world.

Furthermore, when there is an important debate you can generally rely on The Observer being there with an article to fill in the background; and it will be by someone with an international reputation on the subject. Every week there is the economic survey by Andrew Shonfield or Alan Day, who between them have convinced me that economics really exist (outside the minds of economists, I mean). And there is Cyril Dunn on America, Edward Crankshaw on Russia, Sebastian Haffner on Germany. . . to name only three other brilliant background providers.

J.B.L.

Tom, a rather delightful young neo-Jim with an engaging Bluntschli touch quarrels with his *Brother James*. ' "Come on"," [shouts James putting up his fists] ' "show what you're made of." I lay down promptly on the floor.' A funny, fresh appealing little trot round South London and the art world fringe.

GERDA CHARLES

America's Friend or African Missionary?

The Soviet Design for a World State. By ELLIOT R. GOODMAN. *Oxford: Columbia.* 42*s.*

The Future is Ours, Comrade. By JOSEPH NOVAK. *Bodley Head.* 21*s.*

The Soviet Seven-Year Plan. Introduced by ALEC NOVE. *Phoenix.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Kremlin. By JULES KOSLOW. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 25*s.*

As we know, the Soviet Union has always had two foreign policies. Sometimes one has dominated the other (as in the Litvinov days); sometimes the two (as today) have overlapped, or have run along in parallel lines; occasionally they have come into more or less open conflict. One has been described as insular, nationalist, isolationist and (sometimes) Stalinite on the strength of Stalin's (admittedly temporary) 'socialism in one country' doctrine; the other has been called 'Cominternist', Trotskyite, adventurous, 'missionary' and internationalist.

This dualism of Soviet policy – with Stalinite 'isolationism' at one extreme and all-out revolutionary internationalism at the other, and corresponding to something in the Russian soul – has, indeed, been a permanent phenomenon of the last 40 or 50 years of Russian history; but the blends of the two policies have greatly varied during the different phases of the Soviet regime. In the famous 'no war' interview he gave me in September 1946, Stalin declared that not only socialism, but also 'communism is perfectly possible in one country, especially in a country like the Soviet Union'. In 1946 Stalin had more or less accepted the idea that the capitalist West would go on indefinitely; he had even discouraged, for good Russian *national* reasons, any Communist revolutions in France and Italy. (True, in 1947, this *again* changed.)

Last year, while in the USA, Krushchev took a sort of middle line; he declared that, in the end, capitalism would lose in the 'peaceful competition' with socialism; it was 'historically inevitable' that capitalism should be 'buried'; but there was no hurry: America could take her time over going communist; and, meantime, peaceful co-existence and peaceful competition would be all to the good.

After the collapse of the Paris Summit last May, the Russian tone somewhat changed; partly perhaps as a concession to China, the communiqué published after the meeting of the 12 Communist parties in Bucharest in June said that, whereas in many capitalist countries the transition to socialism could take place by 'peaceful means', there were some where 'unpeaceful means' might be necessary.

Krushchev's concept of 'peaceful competition and co-existence' was, in a way, 'Stalinist' and 'nationalist' in origin; but since the breakdown of the Summit, something of the old missionary spirit has been added to this policy: it is not a case of organising communist revolutions abroad; but it is a case of encouraging the 'uncommitted countries' in their resistance to 'neo-capitalism' and 'neo-colonialism'. How this not-so-very-powerful competition will end in Ghana, India, Cuba, Indonesia or the Congo is one of the big question-marks.

Mr Goodman, an American scholar, has written an admirable, if rather ponderous, book on Soviet foreign policy, the ultimate aim of which, he says, is a 'world state'; but, in the course of his story, covering the last 40 years, he shows that on countless questions the Soviet line has changed almost from year to year: for example on whether, after the final triumph of communism, the state is to wither away or not; or on whether, in such a world state, there is, or is not, to be a 'universal language'; or even on whether, during the intermediate stage, countries like Poland and Hungary are to be absorbed, or not, in the Soviet Federation. He rather thinks – wrongly, I believe – that they will be.

Mr Goodman has studied his texts (all the way from Marx to *Pravda* and the *New York Times*) very thoroughly, and it is a pleasant change to find a serious historian like him treating Stalin not just as a bogey man, but as someone who has contributed enormously to Soviet thinking right up to the present time; he also makes it fairly clear that Soviet nationalism (socialism in one country – or bloc) corresponds perhaps more closely to the real wishes of the Soviet people than the missionary zeal displayed by Trotsky and, latterly (though in a different context) by the present Krushchev. Probably most Russians, anxious to have a quiet time, prefer Mr K. in the role of America's friend than in the role of African missionary.

Described as 'conversations with the Russians', *The Future is Ours, Comrade* is light and readable; much of it is plausible, some of it a little improbable. 'Mr Novak', the alleged and disguised author of this book, is introduced by Mr I. R. Levine, a former Moscow correspondent of an American radio network. Here is a little bit of everything. What do the Russians think of Krushchev and the West? Why is there discrimination against the Jews? What do they think of love and sex? An amusing passage tells how a group of puritanical and decorous young Russians were deeply shocked by the promiscuous ways of their East-German fellow-Communists.

A group of anonymous economists have written a critical and rather sceptical analysis of *The Soviet Seven-Year Plan;* the authors very much doubt the validity of Krushchev's boasts about 'catching up with the USA' within a very short time.

The Kremlin, 'symbol of Russia', written by a member of the *New Yorker* staff, is not so much a history as an exuberant collection of hideously gruesome historical anecdotes – all the way from the mass executions and public tortures, which took place in the Red Square under Ivan the Terrible, to their 'historical successors', the Stalin purges. Occasionally the author's erudition badly fails him: the Empress Anna I was *not* a daughter of Peter the Great, but a daughter of his half-brother Ioann. Also, the Lenin Mausoleum is, surely, not 'the best expression of socialist realism'; it is, on the contrary, very much an early-Twenties 'cubist' affair; and was, indeed, severely criticised on that score at the height of the socialist-realist drive in the Thirties. It was even suggested that the thing be be scrapped and rebuilt in a neo-classical style, more in keeping with the 'true Russian tradition' and with the 'aspidistra' style of the new Gorki Street.

ALEXANDER WERTH

The Master Forger

Thomas J. Wise: Centenary Studies. Edited by WILLIAM B. TODD. *Nelson.* 21*s.*

Twenty-six years have elapsed since the publication of *An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth-Century Pamphlets* suddenly made bibliography front-page news. T. J. Wise's eminence and genius as a forger are now universally acknowledged, but in spite of much patient research since 1934 there are still gaps to be filled in. Only two years ago, for example, Mr D. F. Foxon exposed the sordid story of his thefts and mutilations at the British Museum, and the present volume adds a good deal to our knowledge and suggests some fruitful lines still to be pursued. To the University of Texas Wise has proved, unwittingly, a considerable benefactor; for the presence there of the library formed by Wise for his friend John H. Wrenn, as well as the largest extant block of Wise's correspondence, has given an impetus and a sustained purpose to nineteenth-century studies which many of the older universities might envy.

The present volume contains contributions by Professor Todd himself and by the two original Enquirers, Messrs John Carter and Graham Pollard. Mr Carter's centenary address at Texas, 'Thomas J. Wise in Perspective', is a polished summary of the present state of our knowledge of the affair, with some salutary leads towards a more balanced assessment of the forger and his work. Professor Todd prints a group of letters from Wise to the Manchester bookseller J. E. Cornish, in which the subtleties of the forger's marketing of his wares may be studied. Of greater interest is a letter from Wise to Sir Edmund Gosse, with a commentary by Mr Pollard, which disposes, one hopes for ever, of the faintest suspicion of Gosse's complicity in the forgeries, a suggestion which Miss Ratchford has made sufficiently energetically to merit rebuttal. Mr Pollard also adds a further Swinburne pamphlet, *The Devil's Due*, to the canon of proved fabrications. Wise's consummate skill in inventing circumstantial accounts of the provenance of his forgeries played a major part in their general acceptance and in this context Professor Todd's edition of the proofs of Wise's introduction to his *Browning Library*, 1929, is of special interest, for here we can see the Master working up one of his most celebrated fictions, the story of Dr W. C. Bennett's cache of copies of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's 'Reading' *Sonnets*.

Thus far the general reader, familiar with the main outline of Wise's history, will read with ease and pleasure. It would be a pity however if he were to be daunted by the most serious and important contribution to the book, Mr Pollard's 'The Scope for Further Typographical Analysis', in which after studying certain untypical forgeries where Wise copied, rather than created, originals, he goes on to formulate certain principles, several of them new, for the gleaning of bibliographical information from the study of nineteenth-century types. In conclusion Professor Todd prints an annotated handlist of all the publications, legitimate and illegitimate, which can be associated with Wise. These number over 400, and for the first time give some idea of the scale on which Wise supplemented his income by his publishing activities.

For, as Mr Carter says in his essay, Wise's motives were 'personal aggrandisement and financial profit, probably in about equal proportions'. To achieve both these ends he lied and cheated. An almost pathetic instance occurs in one of the letters to Cornish, printed by Professor Todd, in which Wise excuses his delay in despatching some books by a reference to a 'summer holiday on the Continent'. In fact St Leonards-on-Sea had been the scene of his vacation, and in this piffling deception to raise his status we can see the germ of the driving force which made him the greatest forger of the century.

A. N. L. MUNBY

Huxley and Humanism

Collected Essays. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 30*s.*

'Tomorrow,' said Gumbril at last meditatively.

'Tomorrow,' Mrs Viveash interrupted him, 'will be as awful as today.'

Reading these essays which Mr Aldous Huxley wrote between 1923 and 1956 one is reminded over and over again of the conversations in *Antic Hay* and *Time Must Have a Stop*. One becomes uneasily aware too that in almost all his works from beginning to end Mr Huxley has preached a single and an exceptionally simple gospel. The enormous learning, the fluency and the wide range of interests all combine to suggest complexity, but complexity just is not there. Mr Huxley's gospel is that tomorrow will be as awful as today, and that timelessness is better than time. The paths out of time into eternity are various: great art, mystical experience and, in the later writings, those experiences induced by drugs which seem to resemble religious inspiration. The distinc-

LESSON 1

The British have to be good at Sports because if they aren't it isn't cricket.

Lord's Cricket Ground

THE ETON WALL GAME is a Public School sport, it is played with a pancake in a muddy field.

DARTS, on the other hand, is a Public House sport.

You always finish on a double Guinness.

You use a jack at BOWLS just as you do in MOTORING.

Polo is only played by chukka nuhibs

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Sports & Pastimes

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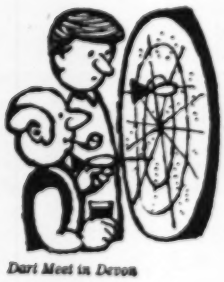
Down in one at the 19th



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SOCCER & RUGGER are played in a muddy field or football pool. In Rugger you use your hands as well as your feet, but if you use your teeth it causes a scrimmage. It is always advisable to kick off with a Guinness.

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It's a wonderful country!

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tion between what belongs to time and what belongs to eternity is not, as it has been with some thinkers, the distinction between body on the one hand and mind or soul on the other. For the awfulness of time is in large part the work of mind and the possibilities of eternity are physiologically conditioned. Throughout the essays the themes of this gospel recur.

The essays are arranged by subject matter, not by date. It is more difficult to pick out signs of development from earlier to later work than one might have suspected. Mr Huxley has had new thoughts from time to time but they have always been the same sort of thought. I concede a reluctant admiration for a writer so in control of his own thought as rarely to be turned aside by the changes and chances of history. The admiration is reluctant because of a sense that Mr Huxley has only succeeded in not being turned aside by contemporary history because he has fitted in with it so well. There is of course a decade into which Mr Huxley did not fit and which leaves least trace of all in his books, namely the Thirties. When the intellectuals waved farewell to the disillusioned gaiety of the Twenties and moved into a world where political responsibility seemed to offer oportunities for transforming history they left Mr Huxley behind. But when they emerged to tell us how horrid politics was and to participate in the religious semi-revivals of the Forties and Fifties there was Mr Huxley waiting for them with the Perennial Philosophy.

How does Mr Huxley fit in? For most intellectuals the fragmented, compartmentalised, museum-like state of our culture is a matter of dismay, even if the dismay is usually impotent. But readers of Mr Huxley would never suppose that culture could be other than like this. To read parts of these essays is like reading entries from an encyclopaedia which have got out of alphabetical order. There is an immense quantity of curious and unconnected information. Do you want to know what William the Conqueror's most frequent oath was? Or Stalin's favourite work of art? Or the most advantageous but least used method of birth control? You will learn it here.

There is a good reason why we cannot find in Mr Huxley's pages anything about the special nature of the contemporary cultural dilemmas or any explanation of them in terms of the special character of our own time. Since for him all history is essentially alike, our age can only exhibit characteristics which continually recur in human history.

> The history of any nation follows an undulating course. In the trough of the wave we find more or less complete anarchy; but the crest is not more or less complete Utopia, but only, at best, a tolerably humane, partially free and fairly just society that invariably carries within itself the seeds of its own decadence.

Human nature in Mr Huxley's view can only develop by escaping from the historical; the concept of history as a growth of human powers and possibilities and achievement is entirely absent from his thought. And with the absence of history there is a consequent absence of any sense of what human beings can be not in their moments of mystical growth but in their ordinary transactions. So, speaking of Spanish life in the early nineteenth century, Mr Huxley can say: 'and all the time, like the drone of a bag-pipe accompanying the louder noises of what is officially called history, the enormous stupidity of average men and women, the chronic squalor of their superstitions, the bestiality of their occasional violences and orgies'. The very choice of words in this passage betrays the deep enmity to humanism which pervades Mr Huxley's work.

This enmity is not confined to the essays. It appears also in the novels. Mr Huxley's brilliance as a caricaturist of human nature sometimes makes us forget his inability in the novels to paint a portrait of a complete human being. His human beings are compounds of animality and spirit; but they are not wholly recognisable as *people*. I want to connect this enmity to humanism in Mr Huxley's thought with his emphasis, as a mystic, on turning away from self. I suspect that his implicit denial of the importance of self-love is the root of his anti-humanism. Mr Huxley is notably weak on Freud in these essays; and Freud is the author who showed us what happens to people who fail in their love for themselves.

It is paradoxical that the age in which Eastern societies have begun to repudiate their mystical traditions is precisely the age in which a Western mood has begun to respond to them. Mr Huxley is the most able representative of that mood. The talents which he brings to its expression are of the highest order. It is indeed because of the talent in them that these essays are so dangerous. I hope that they will not be too widely read.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

After Namier

The Reign of George III, 1760-1815. By J. STEVEN WATSON. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

'This volume', writes the blurb, 'has been long awaited.' It has indeed. 'When will Steven Watson's book appear?' has been for years the cry of history dons and schoolmasters. If a new Gibbon had arisen, to rewrite the history of the eighteenth century in classic prose, his work would not have been as warmly welcomed in schools and universities as Mr Watson's will be. And it is true that there has hitherto been no good textbook incorporating the results of the Namier revolution in eighteenth century politics which teachers could recommend to their pupils. Hence the cry: 'What we want is Watson.'

Of Mr Watson's 21 chapters, 17 deal with political history and two with the economic, social, and political structure in 1760. The cultural history of the period is dealt with very briefly in the remaining two chapters – sufficient no doubt to answer an examination question, but hardly to give a cultural picture of the age. There is no mention of science (apart from the inventions of the Industrial Revolution), and religious (and anti-religious) thought receives scant treatment: Mr Watson omits all reference to the anti-trinitarian movement and Tom Paine only appears in connexion with the American war. Music gets 11 lines, which contrasts rather unfairly with the 15 (plus a footnote) devoted to women's underclothing. For these omissions and absurdities Mr Watson is much less to blame than those who planned the Oxford History of England. Seen in retrospect, it would have been better to have had these volumes deal only with political history, on which their authors are acknowledged experts, rather than to have tried to compress within a few pages the cultural achievements of 50 years.

It is as political history that this volume

must be judged. What Mr Watson has done is to write a political narrative, based upon the printed sources and the chief secondary authorities, and from the point of view of the Namier interpretation. This is a considerable achievement, for which he deserves the highest credit. His book is much superior to the one in this series on the earlier part of the century; it is well written and readable; and some of Mr Watson's remarks (*e.g.* on the state of the universities, the 'King's friends', the trial of Warren Hastings) show that he has worked over his material with a critical and independent mind. And how refreshing it is to have a bibliography which really attempts to evaluate the books listed.

It is impossible for a historian, however industrious, or for a reviewer either, to have made a thorough study of the manuscript material for a period so long as the reign of George III. This volume was originally to have been written by the late Professor Veitch; on his death it was given to Richard Pares; finally Mr Watson took over the job. It used to be said jokingly in academic circles that the book would never appear while Sir Lewis Namier was alive (I have heard him make this joke himself). Namier, with his exact and microscopic knowledge of the early years of George III's reign, would have felt himself able to criticise only the first few chapters. I do not think he would have found much to quarrel with in Mr Watson's account of the opening of the reign and of the Bute Ministry, but the pages which deal with the Grenville and Rockingham Administrations are a different matter. For these years Mr Watson had no reliable guide to follow, and his account is marred by serious omissions. Similarly, a number of trivial mistakes indicate no intimate familiarity with the early years of the reign. Still, for this Mr Watson can hardly be blamed: it was not his business to undertake original research. This book is not a complete and authoritative history of George III's reign – no man living could write such a book – and in that respect it will disappoint the dons. Rather should it be classed with Pares's *George III and the Politicians* as an entertaining and inspiring commentary, to be enjoyed by specialists and non-specialists alike.

JOHN BROOKE

Out of Ugliness

Wilfred Owen. By D. S. R. WELLAND. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Yeats in his eccentric Introduction to *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse* dismissed Wilfred Owen and some other poets of World War I on the grounds that 'passive suffering is not a theme for poetry.' Whether this generalisation is true or not, it is hard to see how Owen's best poetry can be covered by this derogatory label. As Owen himself wrote, 'The Poetry is in the pity' (*NB* not self-pity) – and pity is not passive. 'The eternal reciprocity of tears,' like any other reciprocity, implies an outgoing as well as a suffering, a giving as well as a taking (let alone in the sense of 'taking it'). And, apart from the fact that Owen's poems are full of the recognition both of human virtues –

> I have perceived much beauty
> In the hoarse oaths that kept our courage straight –

and of the beauties of nature, he has two main characteristics which make his poetry active. There is the mythopoeic faculty shown particularly in 'The Show' and 'Strange Meeting,'

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which achieve that universality or 'luminosity' which Yeats found lacking in these poets; as Mr Welland says, ' "Strange Meeting" is not unworthy of a place beside "The Waste Land" and "The Second Coming" as an imaginative diagnosis of its times.' Secondly, there is Owen's astonishing feeling for form, which redeems his most despairing poems from passivity just as Hopkins's architectonics had redeemed his 'Terrible Sonnets.'

Today, after a second World War and while we are bogged down in an even more desperate 'peace,' a study of Wilfred Owen comes as a welcome antidote to those of our poets who make the world situation an excuse either for not showing any feeling or for not considering the world. Mr Welland's book is based on a doctoral thesis which he wrote about ten years ago and retains the rather plodding or doughy quality endemic to such theses. Still, it is informative and perceptive. He avoids the more common oversimplifications, pointing out for example 'that some of the most influential poetic movements of the first quarter of the century owed little of their influence to the War.' Similarly, he points out that Owen would have been a poet anyway and rightly regards him as 'an innately gentle artist who has schooled himself, through his firm hold on objective reality, to make out of ugliness a poetry with its own kind of beauty.' He draws interesting comparisons with Rosenberg and Sassoon and makes interesting analyses of poems such as 'Spring Offensive' and 'Miners.' He gives a chapter to half-rhyme, maintaining that Owen's technical innovations were more probably derived from a French source than from a Welsh one; he makes out a strong case for the influence of Jules Romains with his theory and practice of *accord*.

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Technically, however, Owen's innovations have long been assimilated; half-rhymes and such no longer draw any more comment than does a 'cubistic' touch in a poster in the Underground. In fact at one time with many poets they were taking the place of full rhymes as the regular thing to use; some even came – absurdly – to consider the full rhyme a vulgarism. Here, as always, we must avoid a canonisation of technique. Owen, consciously or unconsciously, used his half-rhymes for a certain purpose and they fitted it like a glove. But what concerns us now is not the glove but the hand. 'The Poetry is in the pity' and pity is always something new. Mr Welland dwells on the dangers inherent in Owen's kind of poetry. 'When the motivating feelings are more intense it is likely to become cheaply rhetorical as did so much minor but unquestionably sincere left-wing poetry in the 1930s' (*Touché!*). 'It has somehow to avoid,' he goes on, 'the double pitfall of telling the reader about the pity, for that would become sentimentality, and of over-emphasising the suffering, for that would become painful morbidity.' Yes indeed, there *is* such a double pitfall but there is a narrow way through and it is still worth trying to walk it. For that is the human way. If you take any wide detour you may indeed produce works of art but they will not be so germane to the life of our time.

LOUIS MACNEICE

Shorter Reviews

The Wildbooters. By FRITZ KERN. *Oliver & Boyd.* 21s.

'Wildbooters' is the name Mr Kern has given to nomadic tribes that live by the simplest form of hunting and gathering. It thus implies both the facts of an economy and the existence of a kind of culture; and with this word as a tool he delves into prehistory to find an archæological origin for present day wildbooters. These investigations are laborious but unfortunately leave out the latest work on the South African hominids which might have altered Mr Kern's theories considerably.

His examples of tribes nowadays practising wildbooting make a curious assortment. There are the pygmies of the Ituri forest, in semi-vassalage to negro tribes; the Chenchu of the Deccan, practising a little agriculture; the Selknam of Tierra del Fuego who are mainly hunters, and their neighbours the Yamana who spend most of their lives in boats, gathering mussels and sea-urchins. Out of this mixture he attempts to fix the code of the wildbooter, as being simple in his religious beliefs, subscribing to Father Schmidt's monotheistic Ur-Gott; effective in his morals, stern about sex, and changeable in his emotions. This attempt is not unattractive, but Mr Fritz Kern confuses two separate issues; namely, wildbooting as a way of life that may be forced upon a people under certain conditions, and wildbooting as a traditional culture that has lasted from the earliest times. Beside this, while it is often true that the most 'primitive' tribes are found in the least hospitable regions, having been pushed out of more fertile parts by stronger tribes, Mr Kern nowhere considers what effect this might have on the ousted group, for instance by making them more dependent on a food-gathering economy than they were before, or by encouraging certain forms of 'primitivism' that are really degenerate and not original. The Yamanas, after all, are now without stone tools although their ancestors appear to have used them constantly. Mr Kern's old-fashioned ethnology does little to make these issues clear, and leaves the problem of how to consider wildbooting in an evolutionary frame much as he had found it.

F.H.

Darwin and Butler. By BASIL WILLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 16s.

This rambling but readable narrative (the Hibbert lectures for 1959) is subtitled 'Two Versions of Evolution'; but the object of the book is evidently to write down some thoughts on Darwinism and religion, and on Samuel Butler as an antagonist of Darwin who yet adhered to no orthodoxy. The part on Butler is the more original, since much of the ground around Darwin himself has recently been trampled flat; and Professor Willey's science is inevitably a little shaky (he is particularly weak on 'cause' and 'chance'). The connexion between the two men, and so between the two components of these lectures, arises from Butler's disillusion with Darwin and consequently with natural selection. Yet Butler's animosity towards Darwin was (as Professor Willey shows) based on a quite unnecessary misunderstanding.

Butler, indeed, though the hero of the story, does not come well out of this account (though as a writer and a wit, if not as a thinker or a contributor to thought, he far outpaced Darwin). A prominent feature of those of Butler's writings with which Professor Willey is especially concerned is his wavering attitude towards theism, science and indeed all orthodoxies or systems of whatever sort. This, with his combination of outrageous satire with outbreaks of piety, is given no sort of explanation; yet his behaviour is not difficult to classify, and perhaps to account for at least in part – if required, even without recourse to an unresolved Oedipus complex. This unanalytical approach is the more surprising, since Professor Willey deals only with persons: it is not as though he were preoccupied with an account in terms of historical processes.

Here and there we find an illuminating remark. On Pusey: 'Darwin . . . he admits, is not an Atheist. He does not deny God, but he does something worse: he forgets Him.' But this sort of thing is not followed up. And so we begin with the peculiar effects of Darwinism in the churches, with priests often accepting evolution and scientists defending the faith against Huxley; but we end with lengthy passages from Butler on God and ethics. The two elements are only tenuously linked; and the treatment of neither justifies the subtitle.

S.A.B.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,600 **Set by William Salter**

It has been suggested, at the conference of the Town and Country Planning Association, that London and Birmingham 'may eventually coalesce and we may eventually find ourselves living in a great motorised city called Londbirm'. The usual prizes are offered for a poem in celebration or deploration of 'Londbirm', in the manner of early Auden or late Betjeman. Maximum length 16 lines. Entries by 1 November.

Result of 1,597 **Set by Trimalchio**

The usual prizes are offered for an entry from the *Good Food Guide* for any restaurant or inn in the British Isles for any one of the following years: 55 BC; AD 100; AD 800; AD 1150; AD 1600; AD 1700; AD 1800; AD 3000. Limit 120 words.

Report

The future was most popular; Roman Britain next. Few attempted the years between. Roman entries had plenty of gusto. Woadhouses were popular. D. R. Peddy's began:

> The Home From Rome: The former British Woadhouse, has opened under new management . . . Roman Officers only. There is a gladiatorial floor show dependent on the availability of the natives.

Lyndon Irving's: 'Uggugug's Woadhouse. Under the new management of Mulier

Caractacus . . .' Claire Hollingworth was zestful:

VERONAE – *Ratae Popina*'

At junction of Watling Street and Fosse Way, Inn situated in well-guarded compound with space for five chariots and twenty horses. Relax on Roman-styled, well-cushioned divans; enjoy long copious meals cooked by exLegionnaire long stationed in Lugudunum. Large new vomitorium. Special rates for slaves.

For AD 800, I was rather taken by the beginning, and end, of Mrs B. Sultan's cheerful entry: 'After a brisk run with Cnut's Ravagers it is a pleasure to visit the Eggbroth at Athelney . . . The bard is usually sober on Wednesdays.' Doris Pulsford had caught the more skittish type of GFG entry for *The Crown*, Garston, in AD 3000.

This is for the adventurous! Its selection of pills, entrancingly flavoured in its own laboratory, is unrivalled; but its speciality is 'snow caloric', a soft warm ovoid from which portions are put into the mouth with a spatula . . .

There were one or two usefully minatory entries of a post nuclear war nature. Such as James S. Fidgen's:

The Hovel: One of the best post atomic era caves for food. On the menu stone are fresh raw meat, herbs, roots, and grass, . . . The hovel is as clean as most places these days. The rushes are changed occasionally and the rats are so domesticated as to be an added attraction, a floor show in miniature.

I would recommend a guinea each to J. A. Lindon (a scholarly entry complete with Housman references), Nora Medany and R. Kennard Davis.

AD 1600

The Featheres, Ludlowe. Fyne newe timbered Buildynge, not yet finished, but open to receiue Guestes. Dinner at Noone, Supper at fiue, serued by comelye and complyante Wenches. Goode Englyshe Beefe, and Churchyarde Laddes neede haue no feare theyre boyled Mutton came from 'Flokkes kept by Moonelight'! Venysone pastyes particularlye apetysynge. But looke your roasted Conie haue not Claues! Whyte Bredde made from Wheate for Gentylfolke, purebroune from rye and barlye (no beanes or Acornes!) for Churles. Goode Doves, and Geyse in season (greene or stubble-fatted). Suculente Hares guaranteyed not to cause the Shropshyre Melancholiye and subsequent throat-slittynge. Home-breued Ayle, local Cydere, and all foreyne Wynes. Specialitye: Trye a POTATOE! Or an Appel baked with SUGARE!

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NORA MEDANY

GUDFUD AD 3000

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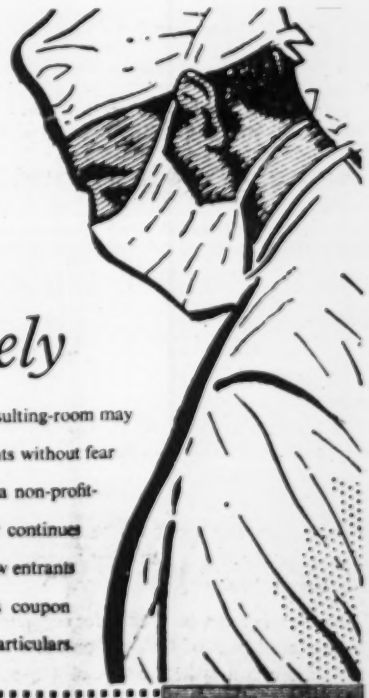

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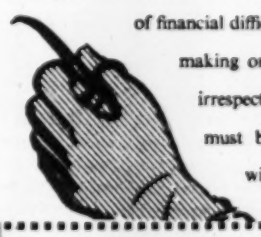

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B U P A

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

In country, as in town, the managers take over. It is not my business to discuss whether scientific education is better than the old learn-as-you-work method. If British farming is to be run, not as in my opinion it should be, to husband and crop the primary commodity, land, regardless of conventional capitalist economics, but to consume a big share of industrial products, then the more training in managerialism, the better.

Fortunately – for in our unstable world a switch to real husbandry may become necessary at any moment – the university, rather than the technical college, tradition is still influential in at least some of the institutions responsible for agricultural education. At Wye College, London University's agricultural and horticultural school, the one I know best, a conscientious effort is made to turn out graduates who are not merely agricultural engineers, but people.

The college was founded in 1447 by Cardinal Kemp, as a 'secular school for priests'. I don't know what it taught then, excepting grammar, but what it now offers is three courses: B.Sc.(Agric.) Hons; B.Sc.(Agric.); B.Sc.(Hortic.) and it is a student grievance that there is no B.Sc.(Hortic.) Hons. course, as there is at Reading. The oldest part of the college buildings dates back to the foundation; that, and the fact that as a horticultural school the gardens and wall-plants are exceptional, gives the whole establishment that mellow beauty which, in my reactionary way, I believe to be the most valuable educational influence on the *alumni* of architecturally seemly institutions.

Who are the young men and women who choose to learn farming science? Forty per cent have some connection with the land, but 60 per cent do not. A case taken at random is that of A, whose father is a London factory worker, who while at Grammar School got his two A-level passes in GCE, necessary for entry, and who is reading for a B.Sc.(Agric.) before going into farming. He spends his holidays hitch-hiking in Scandinavia or Holland, studying farming methods. His reading is not confined to the sciences, but includes humane letters. He belongs to the music society, the ploughing club and, a movement very strong at Wye, the Christian Fellowship. B, taken at random in the horticultural school, has, on the other hand, been helping her north country nurseryman father to bud roses since she was seven. She plays hockey for the college; she will probably not return to the nursery, for her object is a B.Sc. and then work on one of the advisory bodies.

Most students come from Britain, but there are contingents from the colonies and ex-colonies. Among post-graduate students doing research are people from Ghana, Pakistan and the Sudan. Glance over a geographical list of Wye graduates published in the journal of their Agricola Club, and one receives the impression that Wye men and women staff half the world's agricultural and science bodies, and a fair share of the world's farms.

Wye students do not plough the fields and scatter the good seeds o'er the land. They learn what seed and land are made of and can be made to do. Some do, indeed, plough, but with the Ploughing Club, which holds the championship, a student body. Their preliminary year of practical farming may have included ploughing; and their A-level passes at school will usually have been in one of the subjects they read at Wye – chemistry, perhaps, or biology. Among the subjects are geology, zoology, botany, animal and plant husbandry, farm organisation and labour management. Honours students read economics, and there is much research in that subject. Women students tend to favour horticulture, but many are interested in animal husbandry, and the Poultry Science department is growing. Most, on graduation, go into farming, or into advisory or further scientific work somewhere in the Commonwealth. But an increasing number find jobs in industry, usually an industry closely associated with farming. Research at Wye is important; and the professors and lecturers at the college are quietly and steadily adding to the body of what is, after all and still, the most important science in the world.

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City Lights

TAURUS

The stock market is feeling overshadowed by events without being quite certain what the events are. Equities are mildly unhappy, gilt-edged, infected with hope of an early cut in Bank rate, are still mildly gay. The latest LCC loan was no less than ten times oversubscribed: the Council always flops heavily or succeeds wildly, and its next issue, with members angrily calling on underwriters to work for their living, is almost bound to be a failure.

But there are things even larger and vaguer than the LCC overshadowing the City. There has been another round of well-publicised gloom from the motor industry, for example, and there has been Selwyn, in his first speech as Chancellor, promising to regard only the interests of *the economy as a whole:* now that Renault, too, is suffering from the quirks of American fashion, he may be expecting the motor industry to cut its prices or its investment plans. There has been another batch of indecisive trade figures: September seems to have been no improvement on August and would probably have been rather worse if the tally clerks had not held up imports. The regular balance of payments White Paper is no more cheerful. The Treasury seems so resigned to the idea of having its estimates overhauled by the Board of Trade that it can find little interest in them as they stand — but it is plain that it expects little surplus over the year as a whole, and the figures for other sterling countries suggest that they will be drawing on their London balances more heavily before long

And a Stewarts & Lloyds factory, running out of oil pipeline work, is going on short-time. That cancels out the news that steel production in September was all but a record.

* * *

The latest flurry in the gold market has scarcely interrupted the gloom: the City can organise a run on sterling, but a run on the dollar it is prepared to leave to Americans and to the open-minded Swiss. What has happened is simply that the free market price of gold has risen some way above the point at which the US Government is ready to sell it to central banks; you could argue, if you wanted the conclusion badly enough, that the dollar has been effectively devalued.

Logograms—1

(This is the first of a series of logical puzzles, which we shall publish from time to time.)

'You have heard how the Russians make use of a truth drug when questioning prisoners suspected of spying,' said the Professor. 'But perhaps you had not heard that the Americans have gone one step further. They have discovered an anti-truth drug which they can give a man who is to be allocated to espionage duties and has the effect, in the event of his being captured, of compelling him to give an untruthful answer to any question put to him.

'For a time, this discovery put the Russians in something of a quandary. You see they had no means of telling in any particular case whether a prisoner was replying to their questions under the effect of their own truth drug, or whether he had been given a dose of the more potent anti-truth drug.

'However, the chief of their counter-espionage service and his assistant put their heads together and devised one single question they could ask the prisoner which would disclose immediately if he had been engaged on spying, irrespective of whether he was answering under the effect of the truth drug or the anti-truth drug.

'I wonder if you can tell me what the question was.'

Solution next week.

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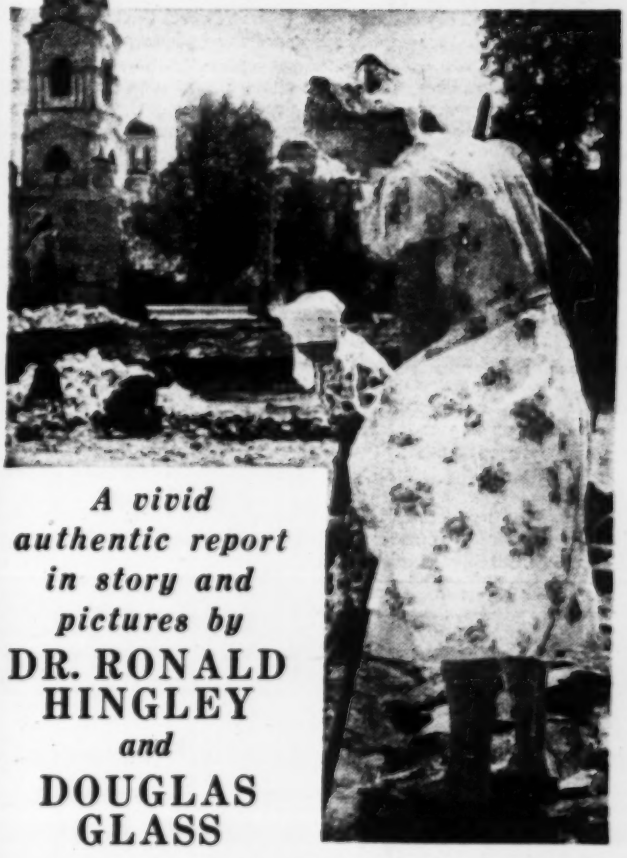

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BEGINNING ON SUNDAY—ONLY IN THE

SUNDAY TIMES

THE PETER SCOTT STORY

In a memorable chapter of his colourful autobiography Peter Scott recalls a dramatic night Naval battle in the Channel

But the US can perfectly well ignore what happens in the London gold market, or it can sell gold there to bring the price down if it thinks that would help the dollar's prestige. The market is a narrow one, and the demand for gold of nervous millionaires has been reinforced recently by that of governments, too shy to turn their dollars openly into gold through the Federal Reserve, who have been doing it discreetly through London.

The important thing about the latest rise in the price of gold is the risk that it may further encourage the speculation of which it is a symptom. Speculation could break even the dollar if given its head, and there is no doubt that the US has a serious long-term payments problem to solve in one way or another. Germany, the only country whose exchange rate is seriously out of line, refuses to dampen the exuberance of its exporters (though Dr. Erhard is still fighting hard for the Chancellor's ear); and if one refuses to go up, the speculators argue, then the rest must go down. Pure speculation against the dollar, however, is probably taking place only on a very small scale. What causes the steady drain on the US gold reserve is the fact that European interest rates are very much higher. There is no doubt that Germany and Britain will soon have to bring down their bank rates; they are merely wasting time at the moment by waiting upon each other.

* * *

One of the weaknesses of the US position is that a growing number of US firms find it more profitable to expand abroad than at home and that the steady outflow of capital – greatly increased by official aid – is larger than can be met from the trade surplus. Britain has an analogous problem, though the relative importance of profit, duty and habit has been obscured until now by an absence of statistics, and officials take it seriously. One encouraging result of the latest panic about exports, however, has been a slipping of the usual sense of proportions: if we need to export more for the sake of lending more to other people, why not simply imitate the Russians and lend them more goods? There is a real hope that the Board of Trade's export insurance department will soon begin to offer competitive terms and that something may eventually be done about providing long-term export finance. Any increase in trade credit, of course, is inflationary. So is any increase in exports.

Company News

Dunlop's half-year figures showed only a modest increase, disappointing the market.

Wall Paper Manufacturers (Crown, Walpalmur etc.) reports profits up by 30 per cent, dividend up from 20 to 25 per cent.

Decca's profits are up by 12½ per cent and its dividend from 20 to 23½ per cent.

Express Dairy is bidding for Spiers & Pond, a hotel and restaurant chain.

Rembrandt is reorganising *Rothmans* and *Carreras* and slipping Carreras shareholders some votes on the way.

British Drug Houses, having fought off Fisons with the glittering promise of an oral contraceptive, is talking with somebody else.

Wilmot Breeden points out that it does not spend the earth on prestige advertising (it sticks to relatively cheap prestige media) and that it has a great many customers outside the UK car industry: You Drop Brick!

The Chess Board

No. 571 Nipped in the bud

Some time ago I deplored the early death of Charousek who would seem to be almost forgotten by the younger generation; and I wasn't surprised when some of my more elderly correspondents reminded me of the equally untimely death of Breyer, an equally great (and potentially even greater) master. He too was among those young Hungarians who came to the fore immediately after the war, eager propounders and brilliant exponents of what was then called "hypermodern" chess. In 1921, beating Reti's previous 'world record', Breyer played 25 blindfold games simultaneously, but I am not sure if such exertions helped to cause his death at the age of 28. Here – Black against Euwe at Vienna, 1921 – is a rather significant example of how those youngsters tried to provoke complications and to break new ground in the very opening.

1) P-K4, Kt-QB3; 2) Kt-QB3, Kt-B3 [staunchly refusing to steer the game into more orthodox channels]; 3) P-Q4, P-K4; 4) PxP, QKtxP; 5) P-B4, Kt-B6; 6) P-K5, Kt-KKt1; 7) B-B4, P-Q3; 8) Kt-B3, B-Kt5; 9) 0-0, Q-Q2; 10) Q-K1, 0-0-0; 11) Kt-KKt5, PxP! [. . . B-R4 being refuted by 12) P-K6!; 12) K-R1, P-B3; 13) Kt-B7, Kt-R4; 14) KtxQR, KtxB; 15) Q-K4, Kt-Q1; 16) Q-Kt4!, B-K2!; 17) PxP, PxP; 18) KtxP [Tartakower suggested Kt-B6 to offer better chances], KtxKt; 19) R-B8 ch, BxR; 20) QxB ch, Q-Q1! (Kt-Q1?); 21) QxP, Kt-B3; 22) B-Kt5, R-Kt1!; 23) Q-R6, R-Kt3; 24) Q-R4, Kt-Q3; 25) R-KB1, Kt-B4; 26) QxB, KtxQ; 27) BxQ, Kt(5)-K6; 28) R-B3, KxB; 29) P-KR3, R-Kt6 and wins.

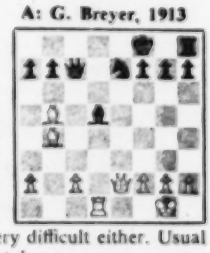
One of Breyer's best known games – White against Esser at Budapest, 1917 – has inspired an annotator to call White's 14th 'one of the deepest moves ever made on a chessboard'. Let's see.

1) P-Q4, P-Q4; 2) P-QB4, P-K3; 3) Kt-QB3, P-QB3; 4) P-K3, Kt-B3; 5) B-Q3, B-Q3; 6) P-B4, 0-0; 7) Kt-B3, PxP; 8) B-Kt1! [Breyer will not let that Bishop stray off his diagonal], P-QKt4? (P-B4!); 9) P-K4, B-K2; 10) Kt-KKt5!, P-KR3; 11) P-KR4!, P-Kt5 [Now practically forced]; 12) P-K5!, PxKt; 13) PxP! (PxKt?), Kt-Q4; 14) K-B1!! [Here comes the "deep" move, precisely, as we shall see, ten moves deep], KtxKt; 15) PxKt, B-Kt2; 16) Q-Kt4, K-Kt2; 17) RxP ch!, KxR; 18) Q-R5 ch, K-Kt2; 19) Q-R6 ch, K-Kt1; 20) BxP!, PxB; 21) QxP ch, K-R1; 22) Q-R6 ch, K-Kt1; 23) P-Kt6 [Now, gauging the depth of the 14th we can see that but for that move Black could easily get out of trouble by the B-check, followed by . . . Q-K2!, R-B2; 24) PxR ch, KxP; 25) Q-R5 ch, K-Kt2; 26) P-B5!, PxP; 27) B-R6 ch, resigns.

Like all great masters, Breyer was a fine end-game player, and even when still in his 'teens (at Baden Baden, 1914), and a P down in a none too easy and all the more instructive R&P ending, he held his own against Reti who was then all of 25 and heading for his prime. /8/4kp2/8/5R2/r7/5KP1/7P/8/.

1) R-B4, R-R7; 2) P-R4, R-R4; 3) K-Kt4, K-B1; 4) R-B5, R-R5 ch; 5) K-Kt5, R-R6; 6) P-Kt4, K-Kt2; 7) P-R5, R-R1; 8) R-Q5, R-QKt3; 9) K-B4, R-Kt8; 10) P-Kt5, R-B8 ch; 11) K-K4, R-KR8; 12) P-R6 ch, K-Kt1; and here the draw was agreed.

A: G. Breyer, 1913



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Breyer's opponent hoped to save himself by . . . . B-B3; How did White force a very neat mate in three? For 6 & 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are draws, both of them very pretty, not dissimilar and not very difficult either. Usual prizes. Entries by 31 October.

B: N. Sicherbina, 1952: 4k3/16/5kt2/8/R2pp2K/16/.

C: O. Durus, 1926: /3k4/8/5pb1/KR6/3P4/4p3/16/.

REPORT on No. 568. Set 1 October

A: 36) RxKtP! wins at once. If . . . R-R1; 37) QxRP ch etc.

B: 1) P-K6!, Kt-B4 ch, 2) K-K2, KtxP; 3) K-B1, P-R7; 4) Kt-K2 ch, K-B6(R6); 5) Kt-Kt1 ch!, K-K6; 6) Kt-K2 ch etc.

C: 1) K-B6, K-Kt5; 2) K-Q5, K-B6; 3) K-K5, P-K6!; 4) KxP(f4)!, PxP; 5) K-K3, P=B!!; 6) K-B4, B-R6; 7) P-K4! etc. Or 5) . . ., P=Kt; 6) K-B4 etc.

Plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, C. H. Brown, H. Garfath, C. Sansom, B. Silver. In 570, **A**, Black *pawn* on d6.

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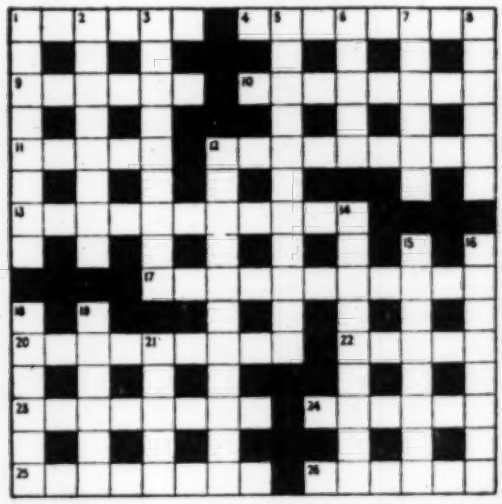


ACROSS

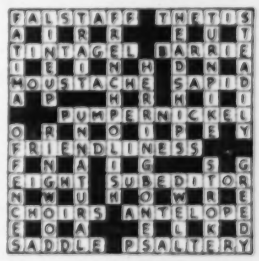
1. Impresses as the subject of a hobby (6).
4. Wholesale cleaning (8).
9. Good intentions of ladies gone astray (6).
10. In power unpleas'd, impatient of ———' (Dryden) (8).
11. Water in front of a Shavian heroine (5).
12. Faint - heartedness keeps company with the tools of chance in battle (9).
13. Resolution makes one free of speech in a town (11).
17. Organising a union for light industry? (11).
20. Shells for a bit of speed in vehicles (9).
22. Deposit which would be smaller if nothing were taken out (5).
23. Reassume changing steps (8).
24. Colour nothing follows during excavation (6).
25. Those with their eyes closed take shelter in a misrepresentation of the press (8).
26. Following like a bird (6).

DOWN

1. Riders use them to encourage and the reverse (8).
2. Real site laid out for workshops (8).
3. Ancient statue for civil defence (9).
5. Craftsmen nearly all win this war differently (11).
6. Keen though middle-aged (5).
7. I took my place in a chemical substance (6).
8. Birds brew beer in school (6).
12. The bird finishes with queer movement and lecherous look (11).
14. Lay singer made up to represent young animals (9).
15. Part of the court only for amateurs? (8).
16. Encourage to make love as something for the breakfast table (8).
18. Has a short way with rogues (6).
19. Shopping place where there is a form of care about advertisement (6).
21. Vote enthusiastically for the well filled out (5).

SET SQUARE

Solution to No. 426



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KENNETH LAWRENCE,
Secretary and Registrar.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING FOR CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Trained child care officers are urgently needed. This is a worthwhile career for men and women in an expanding service. One year university courses are provided for those with university qualifications in social science. Candidates with teaching, health visiting of comparable qualifications are also invited to apply and can be considered for certain courses. There are specially designed courses for graduates in subjects other than social science which can be started in August and completed at the end of the following year. Two year courses designed for persons over 25 years of age with relevant experience who do not have university entrance qualifications are also available. Grants are awarded where needed.

For information about courses starting in 1961 write to the Central Training Council in Child Care (57E), Home Office, Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, SW1.

ESSEX
BELHUS PARK COMMUNITY CENTRE, LCC ESTATE, AVELEY

A full-time WARDEN is required for 1 January 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter for this Centre. Applications are invited from persons with a suitable academic qualification and/or experience of Community Centre work. Housing accommodation on the estate can be arranged.

Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Committee's scale for Community Centre Wardens, viz. £875 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,075 per annum plus additions for training and qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Report conditions.

Details and application form obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 31 October 1960.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Resident Assistant Housemother required at Forest Lodge, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, a pleasant hostel for fourteen girls at work or in training and three resident staff. A furnished bed-sitting room is available. Salary £390 p.a. x £15 p.a. to £420 p.a. x £20 p.a. to £480 p.a., less £120 p.a. for board and lodging, plus £30 p.a. if person appointed possesses approved qualification. Four weeks' holiday annually. For further particulars and application form write to Mrs M. R. Spence, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, quoting Est.167.

A. R. DAVIS,
Clerk of the County Council.

HOUSEFATHER reqd, yng adult spastic centre. Congenial surroundings, active social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Residential Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE UNITED CAMBRIDGE HOSPITALS
AND
THE FULBOURN AND RIVERSFIELD GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker to the United Cambridge Hospitals. The department consists of five staff, Two Psychiatric Social Workers, Trainee and Two Social Workers. The work entails both out-patient work at the Psychiatric Clinic at Addenbrooke's Hospital and in-patient work at Fulbourn Hospital. There is regular opportunity for case discussions, attending lectures etc. The post is a varied and interesting one and covers quite a wide area of the country. Further information can be obtained from Miss M. J. Ferguson, Senior Psychiatric Worker.

Applications with the names of three referees should be sent to the Secretary, United Cambridge Hospitals, Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge by 31 October 1960.

DIRECTOR OF TRADE ASSOCIATION

Applications are invited for the position of Director on a full or part-time basis of a National Engineering Contractors' Association, whose work is allied to the Building Industry. The Director would be responsible for commercial and labour negotiations at high level with Government Departments, Local Authorities and Trade Union Officials and would be expected to promote the Association's interests.

Applicants should be about 40-50 years of age and will be offered an attractive salary commensurate with their qualifications and experience.

In considering an applicant on a part-time basis, it is essential that the Association should have prior call on his services.

Applications will be treated in strict confidence and should be submitted to Box 7860 by 1 November 1960.

BBC requires Reporter, News and Current Affairs Division. Candidates must have journalistic experience, good news sense, wide knowledge of current affairs and ability to write accurate, concise reports for bulletins and to broadcast their own reports in Sound and Television. Possibility of short-term assignments abroad. Preferred age 25 to 45. Staff experience (newspaper or BBC) as a reporter an additional qualification. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.516. N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Youth Leader (part-time) with training & exper. reqd in Willesden area. Remuneration accdg to quals. 29s. 6d. or 35s. per session. Full particulars & application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 31 October. (Quote E.607NS).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Assistant in Religious Broadcasting Department in London. Duties will include planning and production of Religious services and programmes in Home Service, Light Programme and Network III. Ordination to Anglican or Free Church ministry essential. Candidates should have good theological training and be ready to work with members of other denominations. Knowledge of church music useful. Age preferably between 28 and 40. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.523. N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in English Language. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should possess a good Honours Degree in English and should either hold a higher degree or be actively engaged in research work leading to a higher degree. Experience as a University teacher will be treated as an important qualification. Lecturing duties will include the teaching of modern English grammar to Pass Degree students, and the organisation of courses in the history of the English Language for both Pass and Honours Degree students. Salary range: £A1,830 - £A70 - £A2,310 per annum. The successful applicant will enjoy the privileges of superannuation, study leave, travel grants and other benefits available to the academic staff. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 19 November 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Chair of Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. The salary will be at the rate of £2,800 per annum. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 December 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Professor of Accountancy. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. The salary will be at the rate of £2,800 per annum; supplementation of the salary up to £200 per annum is available, but this is subject to a recommendation to Council by the Professorial Board. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 December 1960.

INTERNATIONAL Centre, 64 George St. Manchester, requires active Warden with personality & interest in Internationalism. Experience with overseas people & clerical. Non-resid., mainly evenings. £500 p.a. Apply Secretary before 29 Oct.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureships/Senior Lectureships in Archaeology. Applications are invited for two Lectureships/Senior Lectureships in Archaeology. One appointment will be made in the field of Archaeology of Egypt, Iraq or the Iron Age in the Near East; the other appointment in the field of Classical Archaeology or the Archaeology of Europe with special reference to either the Stone Ages or the Iron Age. In each case applicants should have had either field or travel experience in the countries concerned. The successful applicants will work under the direction of the Edwin Cuthbert Hall Professor of Middle Eastern Archaeology. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 x 95 – £3,000 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £2,415 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustments will be allowed (at present £A13 p.a.). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 26 November 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Senior Lectureship in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 x £95 – £3,000 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, 10 Dec. 1960.

UNIVERSITY of London Library. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary to the Goldsmiths' Librarian. Applicants should be graduates, with secretarial training. Some experience of work in libraries would be an advantage but not essential. Initial salary would be within the range £550-£750. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience should reach the Secretary to the Senate, University of London, Senate House, WC1, not later than 4 November.

POPLAR Technical College, Secondary Technical Boys' School (240 pupils, age range 11+ to 16+) – Required in January 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter, qualified master for general subjects (particularly French and English). Burnham P. & S. scale £520 x £27 10s. to £1,000 plus London Allowance £38 or £51; additions for qualifications and training; increments within scale for experience. Forms from Secretary at College, Poplar High Street, E14, returnable by 4 November. Please quote (FE3(a)/NS/2675/10).

LONDON County Council, Approved School After Care. Child welfare officer required for duties in connection with the after-care of boys on licence and under supervision from Mile Oak School (junior approved school accom. 80 boys aged 8 to 12) in Sussex. Successful candidate will be based at an Area Children's Office in London but will work under immediate direction of the headmaster. Legal responsibility for after-care work is vested in School Managing Committee. Previous experience of child care (including case-work with families) or of allied social work essential. Possession of Home Office Certificate in child care or other appropriate qualification an advantage. Ability to drive desirable. Loan to purchase car may be available in appropriate case. Commencing salary within scale £665 – £965 (under review) according to qualifications and experience. Form and details from Children's Officer (E1/NS/2712/10), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Assistant Youth Employment Officer pref. male reqd at Uxbridge & West Drayton Youth Employment Bureaux. Good education essential, exper. in teaching, youth employment or industry desirable. Salary APT I £645-£815 plus London Weighting up to £40. Commencing salary to be determined having regard to ability, quals & exper. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Gt George St, SW1, returnable by 28 Oct. (Quote E 567 NS&N).

ST DUNSTAN'S requires the services of two capable young ladies with good shorthand and typewriting speeds as assistants to the Area Superintendents at the Headquarters in London. The salaries and conditions are very reasonable but only persons who place service before salary should apply to the General Welfare Superintendent, St Dunstan's, 191 Marylebone Road, London, NW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HUDDERSFIELD Education Committee. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker to work as a member of the Authority's Child Guidance team. Candidates must hold a certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers or a Social Science Diploma or Degree in Social Science. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council scales. Further particulars on application from the Principal School Medical Officer, School Health Service, Ramsden Street, Huddersfield, Yorks. H. Gray, Chief Education Officer, Education Offices, 36 Ramsden Street, Huddersfield.

HOUSEMOTHERS required to take charge of mixed homes for 10 and 12 school age children, respectively at Romford and Brentwood. Candidates must have had previous experience or training in residential work with children. Salary £450-£550 a year less £120 for board/lodging plus £30 if Home Office certificate held. Apply immediately to Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

ST MATTHEW'S Hospital, Shepherdess Walk, London, N1. Senior Almoner required for 320 beds' geriatric Hospital. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council scales and conditions of service. Applics stating age, qualifications and exp. together with names of 2 referees to Hospital Sec.

RESIDENT Matron for Old People's Home required. 18 Residents. Nursing experience an advantage. Commence duties January 1961. Apply giving full details of experience etc. to the Welfare Secretary, Birmingham Council for Old People, 5 King Alfred's Place, Birmingham, 1.

WARDEN (woman) required for Hostel for Blind, London. Candidates must have had good experience of this type of work, but not necessarily with blind people. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply in writing giving full particulars to Secretary-General, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Gt Portland Street, London, W1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Head of the Finance Department of the Labour Party. Accountancy or Company secretarial background and knowledge of machine accountancy systems desirable. For further details and application forms apply to the General Secretary, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1. Closing date 7 November 1960.

DESIGN Research Unit require young experienced exhibition/display designer able to take charge of exhibition projects, prepare structural drawings, specifications for graphic work etc. and deal with contractors and suppliers. Apply in writing to the Business Manager, DRU, 37 Duke St, London, W1.

'WOMAN'S Own' requires an experienced sub-editor. Must have a flair for writing lively copy, bright, evocative headlines and captions. Good salary for journalist with ability. Write to The Editor, Woman's Own, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, WC2.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of non-manual Trade Union Organiser in London. Initiative and good personality essential. TU, or banking background and previous experience desirable. Minimum salary £700 p.a. rising by annual increments, may be increased for special qualifications. Generous pension scheme. Application forms from The National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St, Westminster, SW1.

SOLICITORS in Holborn req. Managing Clerk with good exp. of personal accident claims. Sal. prospects & conditns excellent. Apply with full partics: Box 7979.

HOUSEMOTHER read immed. Apply Sec, Burgess Hill School, High Canons, Well End, Nr Barnet. Tel. ELS. 5560.

THE Better Job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

MEDICAL Secretaries and Receptionists required for Drs, Dentists and Hospitals. Perm. and temp. M. & S Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

EXPERIENCED lady bookkeeper up to T/B required for small, efficient charitable organisation. Write stating age, experience & salary. Box 8033.

THE National Council of Social Service has vacancies for secretary/shorthand typists in their Youth and International Depts. Miss Summers, 26 Bedford Sq., WC1.

WEST End Concert Agency requires Senior Assistant who likes meeting people to work on own initiative and take large measure responsibility; shorthand-typing and administrative experience essential. Apply Box 8078.

LEADING Authors' Agent requires secretary under 21. High speeds essential. Ring GERrard 7888.

RECEPTIONIST required with some knowledge typing. Interesting work, 5 day week. Fleet Street area. Box 7814.

THE G.K. Bureau has been established to guarantee executives continuous secretarial services. Tel. LAN. 2182.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERNATIONAL trade union organisation invites applications for post of secretary (female). Essential qualifications: English mother tongue, good knowledge German and French, administrative experience and ability to work on own initiative. Knowledge of Spanish and Swedish an advantage. Good salary and conditions. Reply to Box 7977.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

OXFORD Grad. (29) knowledge French, Spanish, Russian, Italian. Experience of travel trade. Seeks post where academic bias an advantage. Box 7980.

EDUCATED American expatriate, f. 28, wants any absorbing job where hard work and initiative are assets. Journalism, public rels., and educational exp. Box 8081.

YOUNG woman writer seeks library work – medical for preference, but any other offers very welcome. Box 7937.

YNG mother, Oxford hist. grad., trnd soc. worker, sks home-job. Box 7944.

EXPD secretary, considerable organising ability, seeks part-time typing. Own machine. All replies answered. Box 8075.

ART master/textile designer, experienced botanical draughtsman, lecturer: Art, History etc. Sks more rewarding occupation than teaching 'D streamers'. Box 7982.

PARIS. Two educated English secretaries req. employment January. Box 7802.

PART-time work. Lady expd library – educ., history, fine arts. Refs. Box 7896.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WHICH?' The October issue reports on Electric Blankets, clinical thermometers, zip fasteners and slide viewers, based on scientific tests. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

'THE Legacy of William Morris' is one of several interesting articles in the Anglo-Soviet Journal. 2s. 6d. (2s. 10d. post pd). SCR, 14a Kensington Sq., W8.

FOUND – in hotel education schemes. That clue's a stinker but there are better ones in the Cryptic X-word Championship starting in 'Comp' (The Competitor's Journal) on sale all newsagents 24 Oct. Silver cup, cheques, &c. Will you be the Champ?

COMPLETE standard sets of French authors wanted, particularly in the series 'Les Grands Ecrivains de la France' and 'Société des Anciens Textes Français'. Librairie Française R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham St, London SW1. VIC. 1583.

NORTH London people seem to find the second-hand books they want at The Southwood Bookshop, 355 Archway Road, Highgate, N6 (opposite Highgate Underground station). Early closing Thursday.

'A & N' The Library Service which provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges anywhere in Great Britain. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

SOCIAL History, Labour Movement, Marxism. Send for List No. 2 of out-of-print and rare books. Post free from Collet's, 64-66 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London WC2.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR, we buy books, pamps, jrnls, any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement) Libris, 38A Boundary Rd NW8.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS, Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

INTELLIGENT typist, own machine, available day, evening. BIS. 3119.

DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing (tapes, etc.), private lessons shorthand/typing. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, Friern Barnet. N11 ENT 3324.

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating Bills/Quantity Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

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MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations 24-hour duplicating service 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES 5809.

FREE-lance translator German-English-German reqs work, general & speciality (Agric.). Inst. rates. P. W. Berlin, AIL (Eng.), 28 St George's St, Ipswich, Suffolk.

REMOVALS & EXPORT PACKING

PACKING, Shipping and Household Removals. Estimates free. Bonners, Welling, Kent. Dial BEXleyheath 5751.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

REGENT'S Park: 3 redecorated single furn. rooms, from 3 gns. PRI. 9134.

TO let furn., two floors of lovely house Regents Park. Living-room, two bedrooms, kitchenette, dining room, own bathroom. Fridge, telephone. Suit two couples or four friends. Quiet adults only. 10 gns week. Phone GUL. 8417, 7 p.m.-9.30 p.m. weekdays, or all day weekends.

HAMPSTEAD and North West London flats and flatlets available through Personal Accommodation Services Ltd. Each unit has been personally inspected by our representatives. 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

ATTRACT. flat in Golders Green needs girl to share, early 20's pref'd. Rent £15 p.m. SPE. 8061 Sat. or evngs aft. 7.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s 6d to 90s, partial board. Applic forms & information Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

CHELSEA. Writer (f.) has ideal home for prof. woman 25-40. Own room and share house. FLAxman 3258 after 5.

CONGENIAL atmosphere: single room, cooking facs, 2½ gns. HAMpstead 8109.

PROFESSIONAL girl offers share pleasant flat NW2 £3. GLA. 6515.

HIGHGATE Stn. Furn. flat, dble bedsit., & din.-rm/kit. 4 gns. TUD. 4037.

YNG prof./bus. woman share attrac. furn. cottage accom. Kensington. Box 8053.

PLEASANT furn. flat, sitting-room, bedroom, din./kit., share bathrm. Fully equipped. 4 gns. CHI. 0441.

WOODFORD nr Central Line, interesting attic flatlet, spacious, furn. Young household. £4 p.w. Box 7940.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

SCOTTISH Highlands. Writer's small comfort. house furn. All mod. cons. Village. Beaut. surroundings, easy access skiing, fishing. Short let, mod. Box 7821.

POET (20) offers share his Sussex cottage, 30s. p.w. Box 7891.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

WANTED tastefully furnished flat for American author-professor, wife, 3 months London area; 2 bedrooms, sitting-room. Tel. KNIghtsbridge 8314, Ext. 53.

GRADS (f.) seek furn. flat for three, London (pref. Bloomsbury/Hampstead/Kens.). Max. 7 gns p.w. Tel. FOX 1291.

YOUNG scientist reqs small furn./unf. flat, Hampstead, Chelsea or other. Wife, 1 civilised child. Box 7717.

BACHELOR needs small flatlet conven. Brit. Museum (elec. heat). Box 7964.

FLAT/house pref. central, 3/4 rooms furn./part furn., moderate rent, wanted by 3 graduates (f.). Box 8061.

2 AFRICAN students (bachelors) require flat. Tel.: GUL. 5293 after 7 p.m.

THREE beautiful blonds (nice, but not naughty) require unfurn. accom. (pref. NW area) from Dec. for parents and selves. With garden and without premium would be 'super'. Please write to Daddy: Roy Dotrice, Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

PROFESSIONAL lady requires furnished accommodation in Oxford, November onwards. Box 7968.

PROPERTIES TO LET

ISLE of Wight. Choice of ground and first floor flats, on lease unfurnished. Secluded not isolated South Coast area with unrivalled marine views, in substantial Victorian Mansion. First – 6 rooms, kitchen and bathroom. Ground – 4 very large rooms (divisible), kitchen and bathroom. Car space, large lawn and garden. Overlooking beach-bay. Ideal for Family residence, £300 p.a. incl. Harry Steadman & Co, Newport, I.W.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CANTERBURY 2 mls, sea 6, Ldn 1¼ hrs. Compact Regency house facing sth, extens views, 3 rec. 2 oak panelled, 4 bed, basins, lux. bthrm, sep. w.c. Downstairs cloaks, kit., bkfast recess, cen. htg. Main serv., gdn, det. garage. £3,750. The Limes, Harbledown, Canterbury 5616.

WHERE TO STAY

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 33 beautiful acres. Comf. rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, brochure, Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426.

A QUIET Christmas with good fare and home produce. Hillside Guest House, Hope, Derbys. Tel.: 270.

COTSWOLDS Tower House Hotel, Woodchester. Fine house. Central heating. Late holidays, Christmas.

WIESBADEN Hotel Rose International Hotel, with every comfort, own Thermal Springs; ideal all the year round. Brochure. Cables: Rosotel

LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.632

PROGRAMME of studies for local Groups now obtainable from London Region Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 5 Caledonian Road, N1. New central London series on non-violent defence every Thursday 8 p.m. starting 27 Oct. at 18 Campden Grove, W8. Admission 1s.

CND Poster Parade, Sat. 22 Oct., 2.45. Air St (behind Swan & Edgar). Picc.

MON. 31 Oct. Members Meeting London NLR Club, Partisan Basement, 8 p.m.: The Labour Party & Defence.

'THE Science of Christianity' by John L. Morgan. Six free public lectures. Caxton Hall, Westminster. Thursdays 7.30 p.m. Third lecture 27 Oct. 'Spiritual Science and the Senses'.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Dn Pedro Echevarría Bravo on 'La lírica del Quijote y Sancho Panza' on 28 October at 6 p.m.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue: Kathleen Nott and A. A. Burall on 'The Artist and Society'. Conway Hall, Thurs. 27 Oct., 7.30 p.m.

SUNDAY, 23 October, at 7.30 p.m. Socialist Zionist Party – Mapam, of Great Britain. Mr S. S. Silverman MP, Prof. N. Bentwich OBE & Mr D. Barnir, Secretary of World Federation of Mapam Parties, will speak on the subject: 'Socialist Zionism at the Crossroads' (Mapam and the 25th Zionist Congress). Mr I. Nathani, Chairman of Mapam and Member of Zionist Action Committee, will preside. At the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC1. All welcome.

NIXON v. Kennedy – an Inter-round Summary. New Jewish Society. Wed. 26 Oct., 83 Chiltern St, W1, at 8 p.m.

BEATNIKS: Murray Sayle, Australian novelist. Fri. 28 Oct. 7.30, Friends International Centre, 32 Tavistock Sq., WC1. 1st of Series on 'Non-conforming Cultures'. Sociology Group, Progressive League. Admission 2s.

FOR British Soviet Friendship! Rally at Central Hall, Westminster Sat. 26 Nov. (7.45 p.m.). Speakers include the Soviet Ambassador, Dean of Canterbury, Lord Chorley, John Gollan, Brit. and Soviet artistes incl. Constance Shacklock. Res. seats 5s. and 2s. 6d. (unres. 1s.) from BSFS, 36, Spencer St, EC1.

S. PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 23 Oct. Mrs Margaret Knight MA, 'How Europe became Christian', Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 25 Oct. Robin Dixon 'Danilo Dolci': Film 'Murder by Neglect'. Open discussion. Write free literature.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 26 Oct., 6.30, 'Buddhism for the Jet Age', R. Percheron. Also Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea), 29 Oct. 3 p.m. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Infmn: TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 23 Oct., 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'South Africa's Revolution in Perspective': M. L. Burnet.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. Miss Margaret Tims: 'Jane Adams 1860-1915'. 8.30, Fri. 28 Oct. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

'CAN we trust Spiritual Healing?' Public lecture, 23 Oct., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queens Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

MEDITATION. A public lecture on his simple system of Meditation by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, Founder of the World Wide Spiritual Regeneration Movement. Friday 28 October, 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, SW1. Admission 5s. and 2s. 6d.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q. 33 Belgrave Square, SW1 BEL. 3191.

'SIN, Ignorance and Forgiveness in the Bible' – Lecture by Prof. David Daube, FBA (Regius Professor of Civil Law, Oxford): Tues., 25 Oct. at 8.15 p.m. at Liberal Jewish Synagogue (Hall), 28 St. John's Wood Road, NW8. (opp. Lord's). All welcome.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 23 Oct. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Jeffrey Bond, 'Doom & Delight'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WEEK-end Residential Courses, Russian for Beginners – Part I 25/27 November and Part II 9/11 December. Italic Handwriting 2/4 December, Italy Today 28/31 October. Each course 3 guineas inclusive. Details from the Assistant Secretary, College for Adult Education, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset.

DANCE and Music – a course conducted by Lisa Ullmann, Geraldine Stephenson, John Dalby, on Saturdays, 12 November, 3 December 1960, 21 January, 11 February 1961, in Queen Mary Hall, YWCA, Great Russell Street, WC1. Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—continued

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Art Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), & certain Diplomas. Low fees. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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Winter Sports Enthusiasts are invited to our Ski-Mobile Display

on 24 October, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. at 47 Old Brompton Rd, London, SW7, and our

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Educational Travel Association has produced a new booklet giving details of many inexpensive Winter Sports holidays and winter tours to Italy and Greece. Free copy available from Dept C, ETA Tours, 207 Victoria St, London, SW1. Tel. VIC. 4826/8 (opp. Victoria Station).

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PERSONAL

WANTED, Father (a Youth Worker) & son (aged 6) req. one room in home nr a school. Homely atmosphere important. Tel. during day HAM. 9033, T. Gold.

LADY, early sixties, graduate, many interests and still alive, seeks friendly stimulating company Sunday afternoons. Talk, music, study group, etc. Has room for exchange visits. Hampstead area. Box 7971.

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CHILDREN'S Residential Nursery. Mrs Ayris, Hockley, Essex.

CHRISTMAS house-party, Isle of Wight. Ideal for professional people, 25-50. Warm, comfortable hotel, overlooking sea. Discussions, dancing, bar, games-room. Dogs (canine) welcome. Box 8057.

SOURCES of Twentieth Century Art Exhibition, Paris: ICA Week-end visit to Paris 4-6 November. Only a few seats left. Enquiries about membership and tour to Sec., 17/18 Dover St, W1.

EACH Tues. 9 p.m., Partisan Basement, 7 Carlisle Street, London. NLR Club discusses current affairs. Members and friends welcome.

GUITAR: Garfield-Howe Group (all grades) 11-14 Nov. at Brasiers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Another Look at Robinson Crusoe'. 10th Anniversary Week-end 18 Nov.

CRYPTIC X-word enthusiasts must read Comp's ad.—see Books & Publns.

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CARAVEL Press Christmas Cards on show 11 Moxon St, Marylebone, W1. HUN. 0492.

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TV Urgently Needs Scripts. Learn to write Drama, Comedy, Serials, etc., from practising professionals. Write to TV Writing School, Dept 318, 14 Sackville St, W1, or phone REGent 0721 stating any special interest.

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VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNightsbridge 7123.

DEANER Printers Ltd, for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2. BIShopsgate 3889/6040.

PERSONAL—continued

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

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IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM. 2545.

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22, 26 Oct. at 7.30 Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci
24, 27 Oct. at 7.0 Der Rosenkavalier
25, 28 Oct. at 7.30 La Sonnambula
Box Office
Tel.: COVent Garden 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Opera Season. Evenings 7.30
25 & 27 Oct. The Nightingale & Oedipus Rex
26 Oct. Tosca
28 Oct. Cinderella (La Cenerentola)
29 Oct. La Traviata
Box Office Tel.: TERminus 1672

OPERA Circle. Sun, 6 Nov, 8 p.m. 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Rossini's 'La Cenerentola', intro. Douglas Craig, with mems Sadler's Wells cast. Details: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W8. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs 8, Th. 2.30, S. 5 & 8. 'Naked Island'. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs. 7.30. Mat. Thurs. 2.30. Sats. 5.0 & 8.15. Chekhov's 'Platonov' with Rex Harrison. Must end 19 November.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. Sat. 5.0, 8.0. 'Sparrers Can't Sing'.

TOWER. 7.30. 21, 22 (mems. 21), 27, 28, 29 Oct.: 'Cherry Orchard' - CAN. 3475 (before 6), CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last 3 perfs 'The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists'. Comm. 28 Oct. 'Androcles & the Lion'. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Six Characters in Search of an Author' by Luigi Pirandello. 7.30, 25 Oct; 2.30 and 7.30, 26, 27 Oct. Admission free.

CONCERTS

MERMAID THEATRE
CIT. 7656.
SUN. 30 OCTOBER, 7.30
THE SUK TRIO
Trio in D Major - Haydn
Trio in D Minor - Schumann
'Dumky' Trio in E Minor op. 90 Dvorak
Tickets: 5s., 8s. 6d., 12s. 6d. from Theatre. Full detls of Mermaid 'Music on Sundays' on applic. to Publicity Office.

MARY Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Saturday, 29 October, 7.30. Ilse Wolf (soprano), Sylvia Cleaver (violin), Walter Bergmann (piano and harpsichord). Works by Bach, Buxtehude, Purcell, Schumann & others. Tickets 4s. from Registrar or at door.

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23. Free Concerts on Wednesday Evenings at 7.45 p.m. 26 October: Dancing and Music at the Court of Queen Elizabeth I. Demonstrations of dances under the direction of Miss Nathalie Dolmetsch. 2 November: Mediaeval Vocal and Instrumental Music. Musica Reservata. 9 November: The Indigenous Music Drama of West Africa. Desmond Tay. 16 November: Dances and Music of Ceylon. Anura and Company. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light refreshments available 7.0-7.40 p.m.

BRAHMS 'Requiem' & Vaughan Williams 'Dona Nobis Pacem' at Kingsway Hall, WC2, Sat. 29 Oct. at 7.30 p.m. Kingsway Choral Society with orchestra cond. Donald Cashmore. Tkts 4s., 6s. & 10s.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns) Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. 5th Japanese Film Season: Until 23 Oct.: 'The Boyhood of Dr Noguchi' (A), 'Seven Years in Tibet' (U). From 24 Oct.: 'The Street of Shame' (X).

JOHN Wain and Terence Tiller read from their own poetry Wed. 26 Oct., 6.30 p.m. 4 St James's Square, SW1. Tickets 7s. 6d. available from Arts Council of Great Britain, same address.

A FANTABULOUS Candlelight Cabaret presented by Young Poale Zion Sat. 22 Oct. at Zion House Hampstead, 57 Eton Avenue, Swiss Cott., NW3. Performances by double-jointed, acrobatic, Ukrainian dancers and musicians, and well-known Israeli artists. Genuine Israeli food and dancing, and, if you all come along, a most convivial atmosphere. We hope to start at 8.30 p.m. Admission: 4s.

DANCE with the Central London Fabians at the Orange Tree, opposite Euston Square Station, on Saturday 22 Oct., 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 5s. Bar.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance, Conway Hall, 22 Oct., 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Roy Vaughan Quartet, Saturday 22 Oct. 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Non-members 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

NEW LONDON GALLERY
17/18 Old Bond Street, W1.
(Subsidiary Marlborough Fine Art Ltd)
Opening Exhibition:
GEORGES MATHIEU, Paintings & Water-colours.
Admission free. 10-5, Sats 10-12.
28 Oct.-26 Nov.

MATTHEW Smith prints by Ganymed: 'Syringa' and 'Landscape near Aix'. Catalogue of full Ganymed range 2s. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

LYONEL Feininger Memorial Exhibition. City of York Art Gallery. 6 Oct.-5 Nov. Weekdays 10-5, Sundays 2.30-5.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. Opening of New Premises - 2 Exhibitions: Van Gogh Self-Portraits; French Masters of the 19th Century. 5 Oct.-3 Nov. Daily 10-5. Sats 10-12. Adm. 3s. 6d. Students 1s. In aid of Central British Fund for Jewish Relief and Rehabilitation and WIZO Boys' and Girls' Clubs in Israel.

REX Whistler 1905-1944. Memorial exhibition. Arts Council exhibition Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 18 Dec. Weekdays 10-6; Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.

NIGERIAN Tribal Art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 5 Nov. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BLUE Rider Group. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 30 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thur. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

MANZU. Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 6 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Jack Smith - Recent Paintings and Drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until 12 November. 142 New Bond Street, London, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Prunella Clough: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1946-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Cesar - Sculpture. Until 18 November. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Important paintings by Jawlensky (from the 'Blauen Reiter' Group). Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 28 October.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Matter Painting. Closing Saturday 22 October at 1 p.m. The Mysterious Sign. Preview for members Wednesday 26 October at 6 p.m. To be opened by Lady Hulton. 27 October-3 December. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

EXHIBITION Paintings, Pottery, etc. in aid of the 'Daily Worker', Saturday 29 October 4.30-7.30, Sunday 30 October 11-6.30. Discussion 'What Use is Art to the Working Class?', Ralph Bond, Peter de Francia, James Lucas, Francis Aprahamian. Saturday 8.15. 78 Regents Park Road, NW1. Admission 1s.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Aspects: Hilton, Scott, Wynter, Heath, Frost, Heron, Vaughan, Wells. 27 Oct.-19 Nov. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Robin Philipson: Paintings; First London Exhibition. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1).

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Tate, to 24 October; 26 October - 7 November, paintings by Terry Macsparran. 10-6.

TOOTHS: Until 12 November. Recent Paintings by Tristram Hillier. Daily 9.30-6. Sats, 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. 24 October-12 November. Graham Metson; Eddie Wolfram; Joan Knoblock. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

COLLECTORS Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd, W11 (upstairs). Original works by top men 1790-1960 at reproduction prices £1-£10. Daily (except Thurs.) 11-5; all day Saturday 10-6. Starts 29 Oct.

EXHIBITION of Paintings in classical Indian decorative style by Miss Y. G. Srimati at The India Club, 41 Craven Street, WC2, 25-29 October, 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Admission free. Arranged by The India Arts Society, 31A John Adam Street, WC2.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Frederick Feigl & Michael Foreman. 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

WILTON Gallery, 2 Motcomb St, Belgrave Sq, SW1 BEL. 1762 Recent Paintings by Frederick Könekamp, 15-29 October, 1960. Mon.-Fri. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery: Richard Beer, Etchings of Rome, 7 Cork Street, W1 REG. 3660. Until 29 Oct.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680; Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOUTH AFRICAN FREEDOM ASSOCIATION
Mr Peter Kirk, MP, will speak on 'A Conservative Approach to Africa' at the Kingsway Hall, Oak Room, on Wednesday 26 October at 7.15 p.m.
Members of the public invited.

LONDON NLR CLUB
Monday 24 October, PARTISAN
Basement, 7 Carlisle St, W1.
CUBA:
Perla Vazquez.
8 p.m.
Members 1s., non-members 1s. 6d.

ORAL CONTRACEPTION
Speaker: Dr G. I. M. Swyer, MD, DPhil.
Chairman: Glanville Williams, LLD, FBA.
A PUBLIC MEETING under the auspices of the Abortion Law Reform Assn on Tuesday, 25 October 1960 at 7.15 p.m. in the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, WC1. Admission free

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Fabian Society and Central London Fabian Soc. Fabian Autumn Lectures: Wednesdays at 7.15 p.m. Livingstone Hall, Tothill St, SW1. 'Socialist Values in a Changing Society'. 2 Nov. Alan Day 'The Changing Pattern of Society'. 9 Nov. Dr Mark Abrams 'Changing Class Patterns'. 16 Nov. Arthur Ling, FRIBA, 'The Changing Face of Britain'. 23 Nov. Gerald Gardiner, QC, 'Socialist Values in a Changing Society'. Series: front rows 12s 6d; other seats 7s. 6d. Single lectures: front rows 4s., other seats 2s. 6d. Tickets from Lectures Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. (WHI. 3077).

CENTRAL Africa Speaks to Britain! Hear the African official Representatives! Campaign Tour - 31 Oct.-14 Nov. 31 October (Monday), 7.30 p.m. - St Pancras Town Hall, Joshua Nkomo - Southern Rhodesia; Mainza Chona - Northern Rhodesia; A. Mkandawire - Nyasaland. These speakers have been officially nominated by their African Parties to speak on their behalf. Supported by - John Stonehouse, MP. Chairman - Fenner Brockway, MP. Tickets: 2s 6d reserved from MCF. 1s 6d at door. For details of Provincial Meetings see local press. 1 Nov. - Reading (Small Town Hall). 2 Nov. - Bristol (Central Hall). 3 Nov. - Mountain Ash (Nixon Ballroom). 4 Nov. - Liverpool (Central Hall). 5 Nov. - Glasgow (Iona Community House). 6 Nov. - Aberdeen (Music Hall's Ballroom). 7 Nov. - Edinburgh (Enworth Halls). 8 Nov. - Newcastle-on-Tyne (YMCA). 9 Nov. - Manchester (Co-op Hall). 10 Nov. - Leeds (Peoples Hall), Shipley (Northcliffe Secondary Modern). 11 Nov. - Birmingham (Midland Institute). 12 Nov. - Norwich (St Crispin Hall). 13 Nov - Cambridge (Union). 14 Nov. - Oxford (Union). Organised by the Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Grays Inn Rd, Lond. WC1.

UN Day 1960. Miss L. E. Charlesworth, CBE, who was one of the British delegates at the recent WFUNA Conference, speaks on World Federation United Nations Associations at Paddington Town Hall, W2. Monday 24 October 8 p.m.

THE 14th Eddington Memorial Lecture will be given at Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1, on Thursday, 3 November 1960, at 6 p.m. by Dr William H. Thorpe, FRS. Subject: 'Biology, Psychology and Belief'. The Lecture is free and open to all.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'Leisure for Living', a talk by Hugh Jenkins, Asst Gen. Sec. Equity. Wed. 26 Oct., 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

ROYAL Society of British Sculptors. Mr Charles Handley-Read will deliver the Reynolds-Stephens Memorial Lecture on 'Sculpture and Modelling in Victorian Architecture' (illustrated), at 6 Queen Square, WC1, on Thursday, 27 October at 7 p.m. Limited number of free tickets. Apply to the Secretary.

MARK Abrams on 'The Teenage Consumer'. British Sociological Association Education Group. 8 p.m., Thurs. 27 Oct. 13 Endsleigh St, WC1.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures. 1.15-2. Admission free. 25 Oct. 'Some Observatories and Observers of the Seventeenth Century' by Dr A. Armitage; 27 Oct. 'Post-War Town Planning: successes and failures' by Mr L. B. Keeble.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 21 Oct., 8 p.m. Mme Nina Lenova, soprano, recital: Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Gretchaninoff, Dargomyrzsky, Rachmaninov, Kabalevsky. Fri. 28 Oct., 8 p.m. Pushkin Club Trip to Russia - Impressions, Part 2. Sun. 23 Oct., 4 p.m. at French Inst., Queensberry Pl., SW7. Soviet Film: 'Rublev - Icon Painter', 'Fona Gordeev', prod. Donskoy.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N10. Suns 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs. 27 Oct., 7.30 Kingsway Hall. Kenneth Walker, FRCS (Guest-Speaker): 'The Appeal of Vedanta to the Western Mind'.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.631

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